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Vol. CCI, No. 2620
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Volume CCI No. 2620 The SPHERE, London, April 22, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

BERMUDA NAVAL DOCKYARD CLOSING—THE ADMIRALTY MAKES ITS DECISION ON THE GROUNDS OF ECONOMY : This aerial view shows the dockyard and the protective moles on the left. It was here that repairs and refits were carried out for the America and West Indies Squadron. In future they will normally be done in U.K. ports

A delegation representing the Bermuda Government arrived in London towards the end of March for discussions with the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and after lengthy deliberations it became known last week that the Bermuda Dockyard was to close down, there being apparently no economically justifiable alternative to complete closure, although this means that 5 per cent. of the island's working population will be affected. The dockyard has become uneconomical in many ways, the official announcement stated, and "in view of the necessity for extreme administrative economies, its closure must be accepted if the fighting efficiency of the Fleet is to remain unimpaired." The composition and strength of the America and West Indies Squadron will remain unaffected, and the Squadron will continue to use Bermuda as its headquarters. The Commander-in-Chief's residence, together with the necessary recreational facilities for the ship's companies, will be retained in Bermuda. Bermuda was discovered by the Spanish navigator, Juan Bermudez, in 1515. The group of islands was settled by Sir George Somers, who was wrecked there in 1609. They were for long called the Somers Islands. Many of the inhabitants are descended from Virginian colonists and Americans who settled there during the American Civil War. Sites in the Bermudas were leased to the Americans in 1940 as air and naval bases in exchange for over-age destroyers.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

WEDDING AT WELBECK—THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S DAUGHTER WEDS A MEMBER OF THE ITALIAN NOBILITY: The marriage took place last week in the chapel of Welbeck Abbey of Principe Gaetano Parente, eldest son of the late Marchese Enrico Parente and Marchesa Maria Parente Imperiali, and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The Archdeacon of Newark and the Rev. George Raikes took part in the service. The bride was given away by her father, who is seen standing with the Duchess of Portland and the bride's sister, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, on the right of the group. On the left, standing beside the bridegroom, is the best man, the Marchese Demetrio Imperiali di Francavilla. After the wedding ceremony a reception was held at Welbeck Abbey

Co-ops and State Officials.

—During the Easter Conferences, the Co-op Party declared in no uncertain voice its distaste of Socialist Government policy in appointing "neither competent nor deserving" State officials at huge salaries to run nationalised industries. We may not have endorsed the majority of the Co-operative Party's Easter resolutions, but probably you and I, without pretending to know much about the subject, broadly share this particular distaste. We have always been prone to criticise our institutions but, searching my memory, I cannot recall that I had any serious criticism of the Board, of say, the Southern or Great Western Railways, in the years just before nationalisation. The word "boss" was not then on the tip of my tongue—on the contrary, it was not even on the lips of the employees of those lines, who were proud of their railways and respected their directorates. And now they are nationalised with other vital industries and services, and the word "boss" is on every tongue. The theorists who accomplished the work of nationalisation suddenly realised that the running of these concerns was more intricate than they supposed, requiring lifelong experience; and when they had cleared the decks by sacking the old officers, they found it necessary to bring in new bosses on their own terms, for they could not get them on any other terms. And in came the new bosses, whether "competent and deserving" or not, we do not rightly know. We do know that so far they have drawn the large salaries on which they insisted and have not yet had time to show by results that those high salaries have been earned or justified either in new efficiency, better financial results, a more happy relationship with the employees, or a more ideal *esprit de corps*. It is therefore not odd that during this period of transition the average citizen should dislike the idea of these co-opted "bosses" who fix their own salaries and are slow to deliver the goods, even if it be through no fault of their own.

Advice to Would-be Mothers—Don't.

—The latest view of the wizards assisting the Royal Commission on Population coincides with that which I have held for years, apparently "alone against the world." In Britain, it has been dinned into us, we must keep the birth-rate in excess of the death-rate handsomely, or all 's lost. We can't feed them, except in abnormal times can't employ them, can't house them, can't amuse them, can't educate them, and can't find hospitals for them when sick or houses of correction for them when criminal. But we must have more and more. A ceiling of 50,000,000 is not enough. We must bribe the mothers to produce more babies. That has been the unanimous wisdom of the population pundits which has so long puzzled me. And now at last they have changed their minds. Safety and peace and prosperity lie in a static or falling population. If we quit encouraging babies, the last part of this horrible century will be all jam and paradise, especially if we can devise some inconspicuous, civilised way of discouraging octogenarianism. From now on, what we lose on the soaring swings of old-age pensions, we shall make up in economies on baby-bonuses. Mr. Punch's advice to would-be mothers will henceforth be consistent with his time-honoured advice to those about to marry—*don't*. Later on, when the pundits have had time for another look at the figures, say in 1990, there may be a slight relaxation "on æsthetic grounds." If you can guarantee a really *highbrow* baby which will also grow up healthy and strictly moral, your application for permission to produce it may be sympathetically considered. How *right* I generally am!

Post-War Credits—"Reductio Ad Absurdum."

—I am glad that the Labour Government has never *repudiated* post-war credits; never yet declared that it would not honour a pledge, given by a previous Government, to refund a certain amount of extraordinary war-taxation after the war. But it hasn't done much actively to fulfil its predecessor's solemn promise. Of these credits, £650,000,000 are still unpaid. Repayment is made to those who "attain senility" at the rate of £17,000,000 a year. At that rate, the last solemn pledges will not be honoured until 1988—presumably to the grandsons of those who paid. And if the pound goes on falling, falling, at the present rate, £1 of post-war credit will by 1988 be worth . . . minus 12s. 3d.! A Barmecide's feast indeed. It has not been given as regards the equally crippling post-war taxation . . . but it *was* given and it binds all Governments. It is indeed a point which the Chancellor would be wise to mention in his Budget speech, if indeed "the word of a British Government" is still a live word in official dictionaries and not a mere archaism like "forsooth" or "natheless."

Thoughts at Quarter Sessions.

—As I sat, playing my inconspicuous part in the Court of Quarter Sessions the other day, I studied the faces of the men and boys in the dock. The old lag is as unmistakable as a drug-addict. He can no more conceal his awful past than a wig conceals a bald pate. Two of those occupants in particular remain vivid in my memory. A, aged fifty-seven, had spent the best years of his life in gaol. He humbly admitted in Court the justice of sixty-seven convictions and begged for another chance. For various reasons he was not a fit subject for curative treatment or preventive detention. The Prison Commissioners' report cannot be lightly regarded. B, aged seventeen, a boy who looked more like an angel than most, had fallen among evil companions and blotted his copybook pretty darkly. At first sight, a short Borstal sentence appeared the only expedient. Some say Borstal achieves splendid results with 70 per cent. Some say that to send a *redeemable* boy there is to give him a free pass to the underworld, if his *character*, his resistance to evil influence, is still non-proven. These thoughts occurred to me: Two far-reaching legislative reforms have been put in the Statute Book in the last years, the Criminal Justice Act and the National Health Act. Both these tremendous measures of reform stand or fall on the preparedness and proven efficiency of the *institutes* which are to serve the ends in view, houses of correction, curative centres, approved schools hospitals, clinics, health centres, and so on. The Acts are rushed on before the essential bricks are laid. In its determination to write its name in history, the Socialist Government passes the Bills and damns the consequences. The Act says "do this." The facts ridicule the Acts. The Acts are scraps of paper until the facts can serve them. The cart has come before the horse.

Public Lotteries.

—Mr. Willink's committee on Betting, etc., has long been digesting a mass of testimony and most of it contradictory. But the contradiction between the Scottish Police Federation's plea for public lotteries and the national anti-gambling League's condemnation of the Government's indifference to the state of the nation "bewitched by pools and dog-racing," is rather less contradictory than it looks at first sight. If Governments wring their hands and do nothing to exorcise the witch, it does seem reasonable that they should now at last consider whether they might not nationalise and rationalise an industry of this country which they have so long accepted as inevitable, if not vital. Our national effort to save last year was not very encouraging, the sum total being minus £60,000,000. If we do not save, we cannot be saved from bankruptcy. Our spare money goes in pools and dogs and taxes. Most of us eat into our capital to pay our income taxes. If gambling is in our blood and our doctors admit that the disease is incurable, there can be no hypocrisy in making the disease a paying proposition benefiting the whole nation. It seems to me that lotteries sponsored by the State or local authorities is now the commonsense way of making the best of a bad job.

"Playing Up" Religion.

—During a news bulletin in the Easter holidays, a fireside listener observed: "So the B.B.C. is beginning to play up religion." That was not quite fair to the B.B.C., which has since its inception given, and with dignity, a fair share of its time to religion. The listener who made the hasty remark no doubt had observed what he thought a new feature, an unusually long reference to religion *as news*. In so far as the feature was new, it was a welcome feature. For religion is news and ought to be news. The flight from religion has gone far enough in all conscience. Of late years that flight has been dated from the end of the reign of Victoria. Not very accurately perhaps, for it comes and goes in waves and spasms, and this particular flight could as fairly be traced to its source in late Victorianism; indeed it might be argued that there was actually a significant revival at the beginning of this century. If the motor-car and the bicycle helped the flight from town churches, that is not a complete picture of the Edwardian era. There is always a movement back somewhere in every decade; and Governments and all authorities must realise to-day as never before how much it is to their advantage and the easement of their burdens to encourage and foster such movements in every way, not excluding the more commercial forms of publicity. A nation that has religion enjoys good government, even if its temporal rulers are merely amateurs.

English Gardens.

—I don't say that in England in summer we can offer quite the colour and wonder of natural phenomena, nor the strange variety of flora which will delight the eyes of those who take to the highways of Arizona (whose inviting booklets lie before me and tempt me to take to the air). Cheddar Gorge is not quite the Grand Canyon. On the other hand, variety or contrast of scene is the chief cause of enjoyment of travel and holidays. It 's all a question of contrasts. In the last years of austerity, the National Gardens Scheme (which still benefits hard cases among district nurses and now helps to preserve certain historic National Trust Gardens), has shown by results the constant and lively interest which we take in each other's gardens, and which overseas visitors take in them. It is not only the gardens of our great houses which attract. Many a village garden no larger than a rood draws people from afar, and can contribute to the noble cause as much as £10 in sixpences or shillings. The demand for the county lists of "gardens open" is extraordinary. The organising secretary of the National Gardens Scheme has her address at 57, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1. The Scheme is an organiser of national and international understanding and good fellowship by encouraging man's innate love of natural beauty and his longing for peace. The general list, which will be supplied on application made, is therefore an important historical document, while the peace treaties remain undrafted and cold wars drag on.

THE OLD STAGER

THE WRECKED VIKING WHICH CAPTAIN IAN HARVEY BROUGHT BACK TO LONDON IN SAFETY AFTER AN EXPLOSION IN MID-CHANNEL : **At first it was thought that the Paris-bound Viking was struck by lightning, but after a preliminary investigation the B.E.A. authorities stated that they believed an explosive had been placed on the floor of the lavatory.** The explosion, which broke the arm of air hostess Sue Cramsie, blew a large hole in the port side of the fuselage and also caused some damage on the starboard. The pointed tail-cap of the fuselage was also blown off, and but for the strong construction of the air-liner the whole tail might easily have been destroyed with dire consequences for the twenty-eight passengers and the crew of four. The whole affair has since been made the subject of investigation by Scotland Yard, the Home Office, the Accidents Branch of the Ministry of Civil Aviation and the B.E.A. Air Safety Branch

THE VIKING EXPLOSION

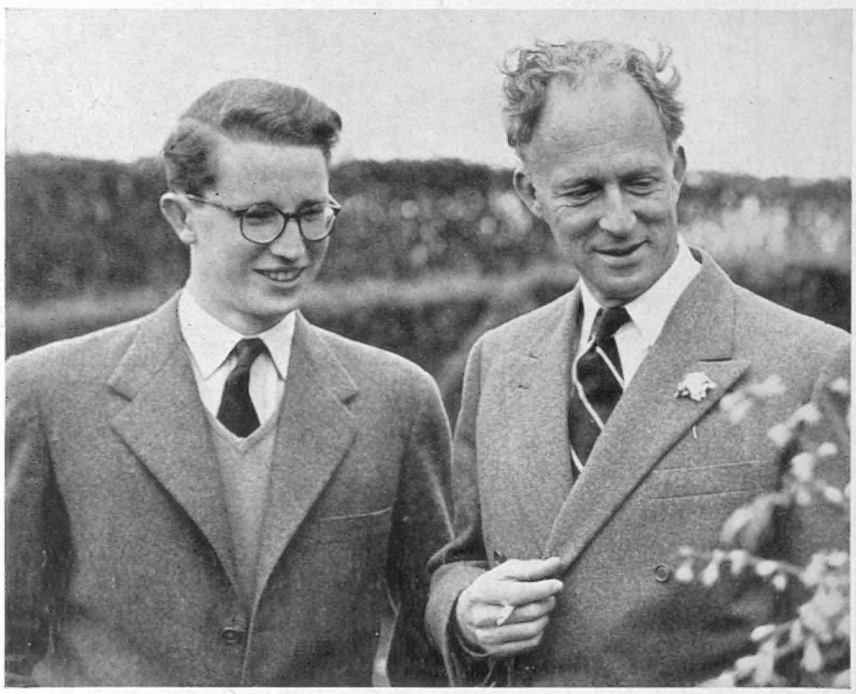
A MYSTERY OF THE SKIES LEADS TO AN INVESTIGATION

HOW THE HALF-WRECKED VIKING GOT HOME WAS A MYSTERY TO ALL CONCERNED : Two close-up views of the wrecked fuselage at the rear of the air-liner. The absence of any signs of burning was at first thought to rule out the possibility of an explosion, but certain nitrous explosives leave no such marks, and one of these is suspected. It is understood that the Swiss authorities have been asked to co-operate as the air-liner had been on Geneva Airport earlier on the day of the accident

WEEK-END EVENTS

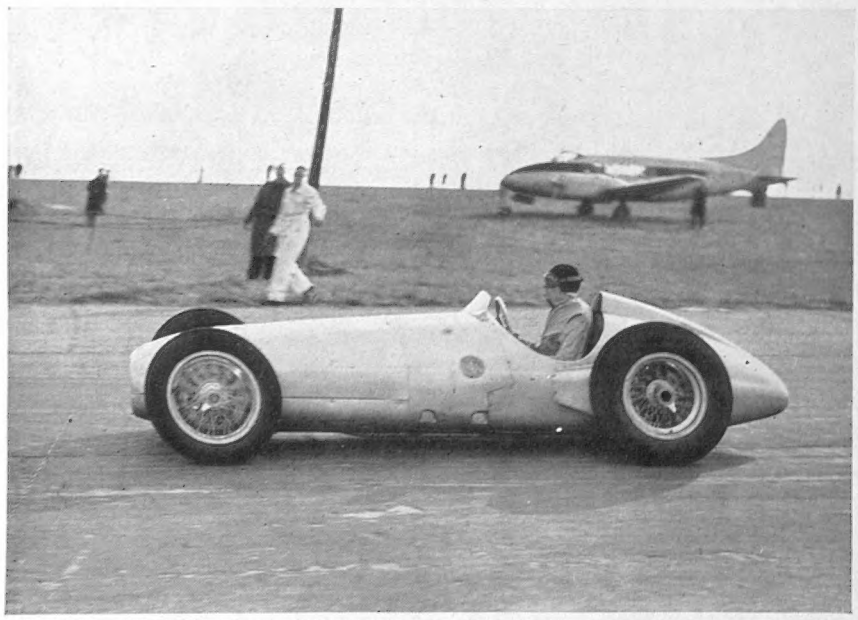
SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO MADE NEWS LAST WEEK-END

RAILWAY ENTHUSIASTS VISIT A STATION WHICH HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR TWENTY YEARS: 250 members of the Stephenson Locomotive Society and the Southern Counties Touring Society spent last Saturday afternoon at Ludgate Hill Station which was specially opened for them. British Railways ran a special train for them and allowed the party to de-train at Ludgate Hill for a quarter of an hour, after running over stretches of railway which had not been used for regular traffic for over twenty years. The trip started at Addison Road Station and, after calling at Ludgate Hill, the passengers went on by the same train to Beckenham in Kent



KING LEOPOLD AND HIS SON AND HEIR, PRINCE BAUDOUIN, DUKE OF BRABANT: The King and his son seen together at the villa in Switzerland, where they have been living in exile. Last week-end Belgians heard the King's voice for the first time since 1940, when he made a broadcast to the nation on the restoration question, the recording being brought to Brussels by air from Switzerland. The King, in his broadcast, made the suggestion that after Parliament had invited him to resume his constitutional functions he might delegate his powers temporarily to the Crown Prince. This state of affairs could be brought to an end when the King deemed it necessary to do so in the country's interests. Party leaders have since been examining in detail implications of the King's speech

THE SUBJECT OF ROYAL DISAPPROVAL: Vincent Lee Hillyer, aged twenty-five, of Augusta, Kansas, who is the student son of a Californian surgeon, with his bride, Princess Fatima, twenty-one-year-old sister of the Shah of Persia. They were married at Civittavecchia, near Rome, after a friendship lasting four months. The thirty-year-old Shah of Persia did not give permission for the marriage, and, by order of the Imperial Court at Teheran, Princess Fatima has been deprived of her Royal status



BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER TO CONTINENTAL MOTOR RACERS GOES OUT FOR ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION RUN: The B.R.M., driven by Ken Richardson, shows its paces before representatives of the 160 motoring and engineering firms who have co-operated to produce it at Folkingham Aerodrome, in Lincolnshire. Next month the 16-cylinder 1½-litre racer will be seen by the King and Queen when Raymond Mays, who conceived the idea of the national car, will take it out at Silverstone

The B.R.M. 1½-litre has been built to challenge the Italian and French cars which have taken all the highest honours in Grand Prix motor-racing since the war. Last December Raymond Mays took the new machine out on the first public run. £150,000 has already been invested in the British Motor Racing Research Trust, in which 160 firms have co-operated to produce the new machine. A second car is being made, and parts for three more are completed. The B.R.M. has a Vee-16-cylinder 1½-litre engine, designed by Peter Berthon. The pistons are under 2 ins. in diameter and the stroke is 1·9 ins. Overall weight of the car is 1,900 lb. Rolls-Royce has helped to develop the special two-stage centrifugal supercharger.

THE ROYAL NAVY TRAINS FOR UNDERWATER WORK

MAKING USE OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN EQUIPMENT

When Robert Fulton, the American inventor and engineer, first propounded to Napoleon the idea of the submarine which he envisaged as a secret weapon for the destruction of Nelson's fleet, the history of modern underwater warfare really began. In the First World War this underwater warfare became a key factor, with the U-boats bringing Britain within a few weeks of starvation, and in the Second World War it developed along many and various lines. The German use of the magnetic mine, which all but proved a war-winning factor in the early days, indicated one line of development, and vastly ingenious were the inventions and the antidotes to those inventions which followed. On the Allied side much of that ingenuity was provided by the men of H.M.S. *Vernon*, the naval shore establishment which solved the mystery of Hitler's magnetic mine after recovering an example of that dark weapon from the ebbing waters of the Thames Estuary in November 1939. As the pictures on these pages show, H.M.S. *Vernon* is still giving the lead in underwater development.

Towards the end of the Second World War midget submarines began to appear, and their attack on the German battleship *Tirpitz*, seemingly safe within its anti-torpedo net, was one of the great stories of the war at sea. The frogmen, too, played a tremendous part, and their investigation of the D-Day beaches in advance of the invasion, and their operations against the underwater defences on the Breton shore, were fine examples

(Continued on following page)

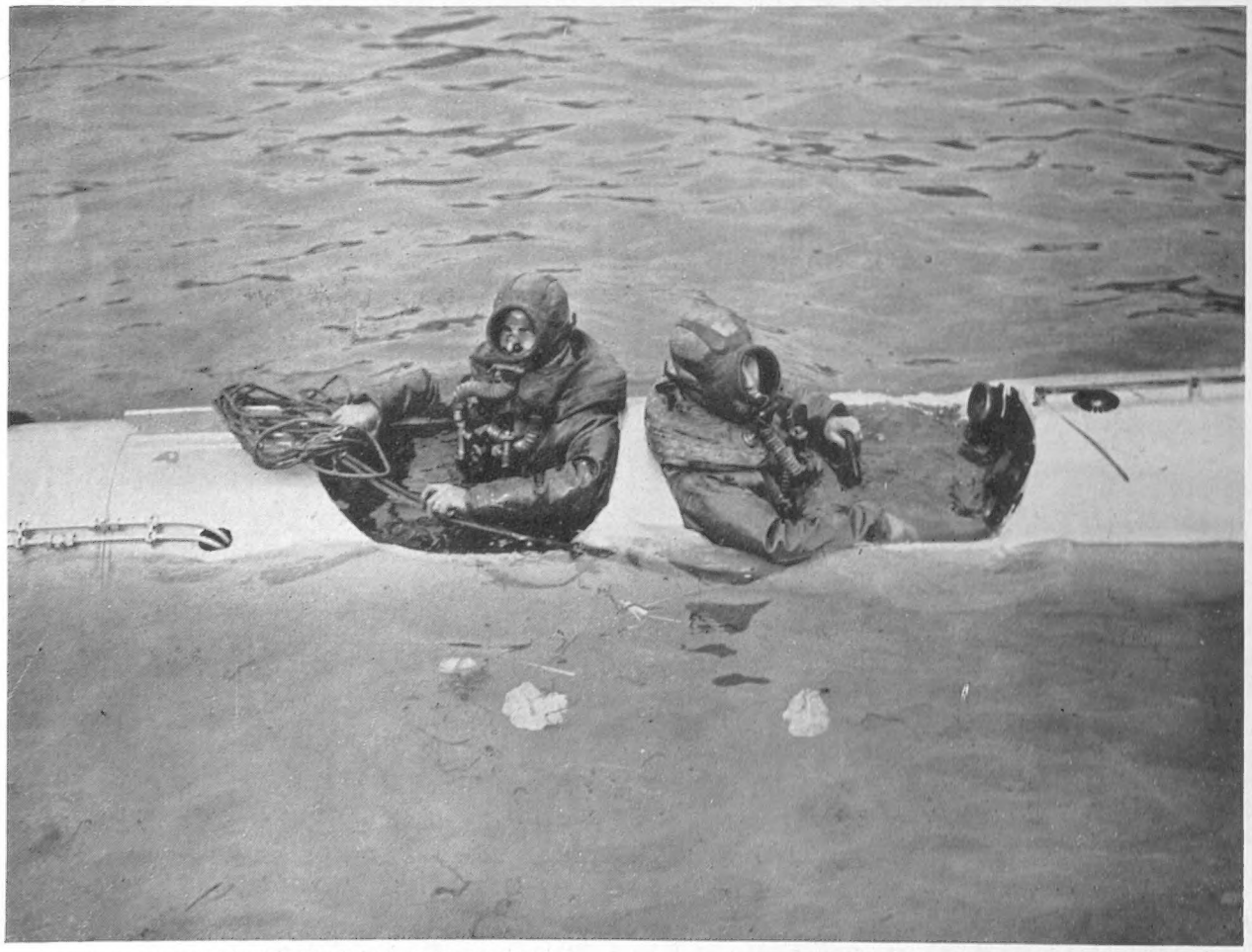
LATEST DIVING WEAR : A seaman closes the window of a new-type diving-suit, self-contained, and made of non-magnetic material and used for tackling magnetic mines. It has no outside attachments, such as an air pipe, and a telephone wire can be substituted for the rope

FINAL ADJUSTMENTS ARE COMPLETED BEFORE THE DESCENT : This diver is wearing a frog suit with boots, extra fittings and a lifeline. This sort of equipment is usually used for dealing with mines

A GUNMAN OF THE DEEP : A diver is here seen ready to descend and make underwater repairs on a ship. He is using a Cox's bolt-driving gun which is designed to enable repairs to be carried out below the surface. The equipment can also be used to drive a hollow bolt into the side of a sunken or trapped submarine to enable an air-line to be attached. The Cox's bolt gun is part of the equipment aboard the Royal Navy's modern-diving ship *Reclaim*

DIVING FROM THE "RECLAIM" : The Royal Navy's diving ship *Reclaim*, said to be the most up-to-date vessel of its type in the world, is equipped with decompression chambers designed to avoid divers suffering from the dreaded "bends" ailment. The chamber is lowered over the ship's side and, when this picture was taken, the diver was just about to enter the chamber from the lower end. The diver then descends in the chamber to about 60 ft., after which he continues his descent in the normal way. When returning, the process is reversed, except that the chamber is hoisted on to the ship when the diver leaves the chamber from the upper hatch

A FROGMAN IN A MIDGET SUBMARINE KNOWN AS THE MADER : This midget submarine carries a torpedo. Another type, the two-man sub, is fitted with a detachable war-head which can be attached to an enemy ship by magnets. Equipment of this character was used in one of the attacks on the German battleship *Tirpitz*, some of it being taken into Norwegian waters slung beneath fishing craft. *Tirpitz* was eventually destroyed by bombers



A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE READY TO GO INTO ACTION : The two frogmen wear breathing masks and are capable of operating under water for considerable periods. The men of the Royal Navy now being trained in underwater seamanship are based on H.M.S. *Vernon*—a naval shore establishment, which achieved fame by beating Germany's magnetic mine

THE ROYAL NAVY TRAINS FOR UNDERWATER WORK

(Continued from previous page)

of daring allied to technical skill. The Italian frogmen in their underwater assault on Alexandria also showed qualities of a high order.

Since the war, developments have been particularly rapid in the realm of deep-sea diving and the production of apparatus for this work. The new submarine rescue ship *Reclaim*, which is dedicated to general deep-sea experimental work as well as rescue operations, has already a number of successes to her credit. *Reclaim*, which operates from H.M.S. *Vernon*, went up to Loch Fyne in 1948, and there her divers set up new world records. Petty Officer Soper actually reaching 451 ft., which bettered the American record by 11 ft. The object of these efforts has been to perfect a diving-suit and also a technique with which rescuers can work comfortably at a submarine's crash-dive depth.

Another important development since the war includes the Cox underwater bolt-firing gun for salvage purposes. Produced commercially, this gun, by use of explosive propellants, can drive a rivet into a plate without prior drilling. It is now possible to drive a bolt with a hole down the centre, i.e., a form of tube, through a steel plate. Such a tube could be driven into the skin of a submarine and a compressed-air pipe could be attached to it. Through this pipe air could be forced into a flooded compartment with a view to expelling water through another orifice and causing a sunken submarine to refloat. Owing to the limitations in diameter of the aperture in the tubular bolt, it is not considered practicable to pass sufficient air by this means to sustain life in a submarine in which air supplies are becoming exhausted.

On right—A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR : The frogmen seen travelling back-to-back and half submerged

OWN TO THE SEA ON SLIPS : A frogman entering the water with the aid of a sliding device placed in the stern of a vessel. The device is used when the frogman is particularly heavily loaded with accessories

THE FROGMEN GO OVERBOARD : Diving from a raft during practice. The large flappers on their feet aid them in wading on soft ground and add to the power of their swimming in underwater operations

THREE FROGMEN EXAMINING AN UNDERWATER LIMPET MINE : The limpet mine is equipped with six powerful magnets, and has a time-fuse which can be set to detonate. Attached to the undersides of ships in enemy harbours the destructive possibilities of this type of mine are obvious, and they were indeed well proved at varying times in the Second World War

VICHY LIVES DOWN THE PAST

The Temporary French Capital Returns to "Thermalism"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

I STROLLED along the covered oval walk that surrounds the thermal gardens at Vichy. It was a brilliant morning, though cold. All around were shuttered hotels of the big luxury. Exactly two persons were in sight—a gardener putting grown flowers in a bed of the spacious gardens enclosed by the oval walk, and a *Gardien* ambling from one ever-bubbling spring to the next.

I went into my old favourite—*l'Hôpital*, now housed in an ungainly new pavilion—and served myself. Of course, it wasn't nearly "the season" yet. That always opened with a flourish around May 11, and would again. I hadn't expected the scores of encircling shops and *boutiques* to be open. But—nor did I bargain for quite this sort of standstill. It summoned up the painful past a little too oppressively. I was again on the cliffs of Brighton in early 1941, looking towards France—towards "Vichy"—trying to fathom the unholy tangle of emotions there. I was up in London (I fear this is a subjective tale, to begin with), before the microphone for the first time, telling of Darlan, "the new dictator of Vichy." Had I but known that his code name was "Mathurin." . . .

In those times I sometimes thought of Vichy friends, for I had gone there repeatedly in the '30's. Not to take the cure in a serious way, which is a three-weeks affair, apt to make even the beautiful or bouncing touchy and depressed, but because of a good stopping-off place in which to get work done, pleasant and peaceful and not dear if one avoided July-August. And, near at hand, original Auvergne to dodge about in.

Auvergne—Laval. The man who, linking his fortunes to a France soldered to the Axis, backed the wrong horse. Pierre Laval came from near Vichy, and built a crenelated castle a few miles off, at Chateldon. Had he (I now wondered) thought out a role for Vichy *before* the war? There was that freak new post office with thirty-two lines to Paris. The late Sir Emsley Carr had drawn my attention to it. "I've got a story for you. If there's another war, and France has to retreat, here, at Vichy, is going to be the capital."

Laval was in power at that time.

Laval had brought Pétain over to Vichy at the very first opportunity, from Bordeaux. It would all be quite cosy at Vichy, a well-bred, serene ambience. Not to mention Darnand and his militia with headquarters at Chateldon, and Riom prison into which could be placed the "recalcitrants," Blum, Reynaud, Daladier, Gamelin, if their local chateau life should prove too good for them.

But that came later. The shame of Vichy opened in July 1940, despite the vote of eighty deputies against "We Philippe." Books have been written about that first "season" in the capital of the *Zone Libre*, books telling of the tremendous *brouhaha* resulting from the political and diplomatic move south from Paris. What a maze the inner feelings of its minions must have made! The pangs of conscience evoked by "*Ici, Londres*," the personal fears and anxieties, scheming and hopes, as—now Darlan rose, now Laval regained influence.

And the venerable hero at the centre of it all, dreaming of the Sun King and *la douce France* of two centuries and more gone by, liking most to go on tour and to address rallies of children in simple, old-man language. "We Philippe" . . . there are very many who still swear he did right by his lights, the cult being mainly of a religious bent and not restricted to France.

The fawning and flattering, the infinite speculation, the rumours and alarums, the intrigue, the madness of paper work in hotel bedrooms, the endless gossip under the covered, oval walk, ten, nine, eight years ago! Vichy boasts 14,000 hotel rooms; what their walls must have heard! Not only their walls, for Admiral Leahy says in his memoirs that the place was packed with spies. Spies for the Germans, spies for Laval, spies for the Free French, spies for "Mathurin," spies for the Allies, and maybe for Thorez, away in Moscow.

But, all the time, Fashion and the worldly life must prevail. Again Admiral Leahy:

"Much more interesting to us (than the cure) was the Grand Prix run on August 3. The horses were in form, the weather perfect and the ladies ravishing in their summer creations. We sat next the Japanese Ambassador, a distinguished man whose natural courtesy was unaffected by the imminence of war between our two countries."

There was a Vichyssois, Albert Londres, who would have done justice to "Vichy" in the printed word, but he died in a burning liner some years earlier.

Vichy is largely composed of doctors, hotel people, cure and bottling staffs, and tradesfolk. They liked being "safe" and crowded at the beginning, but soon realised that the exotic crush brought only a fictitious prosperity, and ended by thoroughly disliking the interlopers, if only for their high living amid diminishing supplies.

This aspect was touched upon by the solitary *Gardien*. He preferred to tell of the whisky and jam he used to get from his good English comrades around Ypres in 1915. However, he entered into the spirit of my inquest with a guide's sweep of the arm:

"This used to be the Avenue du Maréchal. He had his offices just there—in the Hotel du Parc. He used to live over at the Pavillon Sévigné. All these shut hotels were Ministries."

"No commemorative plaques?"

The *Gardien* stared a moment, then burst out laughing: "My faith! All of that is gradually effacing itself. God forbid that we should confront ourselves with the daily memory! You will find only one street that evokes the big ones of yesterday" (he took out his little book) ". . . here it is, the Swiss Minister, Stucki . . . the Rue Walter Stucki . . . he did very much for Vichy, for it wasn't a bit agreeable as time went by."

My guide wasn't quite right there, for I had come across the ex-Place des Nations renamed "General Leclerc." But these two changes did apparently comprise the lot, probably an easy record in all France. Not even anything "General de Gaulle." As if Vichy, once bitten, had decided henceforth to clench neutral scales. It is the Vichyssois' way of wanting to forget the whole interlude which made the name of their town summon only feelings of shame and anger. As far as they are concerned, a veil is drawn over a period which represents a sort of blank in the history of the resort. It is not spoken of—except when such as journalist busybodies prise things open.

Not a thing in the shop windows—emphatically nothing in the bookshops—to remind one of a time when the label "Vichy" travelled infinitely farther round the earth than ever the fame of the waters had borne it. To this day, the Vichyssois see each morning a newspaper of Clermont-Ferrand, whose title is superimposed on the shadowed word "Vichy."

This is surely unique, a town trying to recover its good name season after season, as if the townsfolk still heard the accent with which "Vichy" came to be uttered through France?

They've adopted a blitzed resort up in the Vosges—Gerardmer. Almost pathetically, they harp on any small part in the Resistance. "After all, we were not more responsible than any other town in France. We experienced a visitation—no option. We had many patriots [Admiral Leahy bears this out, even in respect of the Ministries]. If it had been a town with no prestige to uphold, it wouldn't have suffered a bit."

I pointed out that people would always have livers to be taken care of, and that surely there were other reasons to account for the falling-off in business. I assured one doctor that people in Britain were prepared to take their livers to Vichy, as in the past, but found that £50 didn't suffice for a cure. "It is not just, nor good sense," he protested. "France should help your Harrogate, and you not damage French spas that give health."

"We miss the Britannics who used to come early—May and June," he went on. "Now we get chiefly Belgians and Swiss. The Americans do not come, as one might expect. South Americans and Orientals used to be among our best clients. Slowly their numbers increase. Mind—one does not have to be sick to need Vichy waters. They give a new lease to persons of good health, but who are susceptible for some reason—maybe full living."

My old *Gardien* had a different version. It was the dearness of everything. The French themselves found it difficult to afford a visit. They were certainly not kept away at this stage by any distaste bequeathed by politics. For that matter, Vichy had had no more local-born collaborators than the next place. No—there would have to come a change of clientele, in keeping with the times. The "popular mass" must be encouraged to take the cure.

The thought occurred that, if anyone were to jib at "Vichy," it would be the popular mass; but quickly I was hearing that "Tourism and Work," and "Popular Thermalism of Vichy" had been formed to go out and fetch the workers and their livers. Not that either are to be allowed to impinge on the smart season in July and August—whose Bourbonesque *bonne bouche* this year is to be the pigeon-shooting championship of Europe.

Actually Vichy had something else to think about during the recent close season than the recovery of its good name. Rather was it a case of the good names of a multitude of Vichyssoises young and not-so-young. Three thousand in all.

It all started when a man went to the police about a missing daughter. The police thought it a good idea to call on two notorious blades, and found in their flat a notebook. In it were fifty-nine women's names, and by each a cross—red or blue—and a number. *Parbleu!* But Henri and Pierre explained. A red cross meant that the girl or woman said "No." As for the numbers, they were the gauge of the young men's regard for the charms of these women—whether marked with a red or a blue cross.

Naturally, it would have been all right had the story been kept just between Henri and Pierre and the police. But it got abroad in Vichy, where, in default of fifty-nine names being published, all of 3,000 husbands and fathers were set to wondering whether their wives and daughters were in the book; and, if yes, whether their names had a red or a blue cross.

A REVOLUTION IN THE WORLD OF EXISTENTIALISM: Musicians of the Forhenbach Band of the St. Germain Club, St. Germain-des-Pres, wearing shirts with vertical green stripes on a white ground. These shirts are said to be replacing the check shirts which for the past few years have been like a uniform for the existentialists in Paris. The existentialists are followers of the modern atheistic philosophy of existence propounded by Heidegger and Jaspers, based on their own interpretation of Kirkegard's dictum of "Choose, leap and be free." Albert Camus, the novelist, and Sartré, the playwright, are identified with the movement

MONACO HAILS PRINCE RAINIER

CELEBRATIONS IN THE PRINCIPALITY TO MARK THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW RULER

PRINCE RAINIER III ATTENDS MASS WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY: The new ruler of the Principality seen with Princess Antoinette of Monaco (left), Princess Charlotte, Prince Pierre (second from right) and Princess Chislaine (right) at the start of the five-day celebrations to mark the accession. Princess Antoinette is Prince Rainier's sister. She is a keen tennis player and won the Monte Carlo mixed doubles in 1939

AN ENVOY FROM THE POPE READS THE PAPAL MESSAGE TO PRINCE RAINIER III: Mgr. Delay, of Marseilles, reading the document in the Cathedral, while Monaco's ruler stands before him

PRINCE RAINIER III HANDS HIS FLAG TO THE PALACE GUARDS: This was one of the ceremonies in the five days of celebration held to mark last November's enthronement of the Prince. There were no celebrations in November, as Monaco was still in mourning for Prince Louis II

British, French and American naval detachments added to the colourful scene during the military parade and at other festivities marking the inauguration of the new reign in the little Principality of Monaco. A detachment of Italian Marines was to have taken part, but it became known that the population was against it, and as a result the visit of the Italian destroyer *Sirio* was cancelled. At a ceremony in the Palace Square, Monaco carabiniers changed the flag of Prince Louis for that of Prince Rainier. Prince Rainier later reviewed his carabiniers from the Palace balcony. He wore a uniform of royal blue with gold epaulettes, and was loudly cheered by the crowds massed below, among them some hundreds of tourists. For five days the streets of Monte Carlo were beflagged, and there were firework displays at night. Prince Rainier received his subjects at a garden party, invitations being sent to all the 2,220 electors, each of whom received a glass of champagne. A great array of food was stacked on tables in the open air.

WATCHING A PARADE IN THE COURTYARD OF HIS PALACE, AND LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL AFTER ATTENDING MASS: Prince Rainier III, latest ruler of the House of Grimaldi, is the son of Princess Charlotte, Duchess of Valentinois, daughter of Prince Louis II, and of Pierre Comte de Polignac. Monaco has belonged to the House of Grimaldi since the year 1297. The Government is to-day carried on under the authority of the Prince by a Ministry which is assisted by a Council of State

"BERLINER NEUES"

TIDINGS FROM THE BRITISH, AMERICAN AND SOVIET SECTORS

THE "JAM-PROOF" TOWER: This giant radio mast, 420 ft. high, has been built at the Berlin headquarters of the American High Commissioner to create a new and improved wireless link between the headquarters and the American Zone of Germany. Until now communication with the U.S. Zone has been piped through landline and exposed to possible tapping across 100 miles of the Russian Zone. It is impossible to jam messages, and a system of "scrambling" ensures security for all transmissions

WALLING UP THE BRANDENBURGER GATE: Soviet Sector authorities have ordered the erection of this brick wall round the celebrated monument which stands on the boundary of the Soviet and British sectors. Arrangements are being made for traffic to make a detour. West Berliners think it is an odd coincidence that the work of walling off the gate will be completed just in time for the big May Day demonstration planned to take place a few yards away in front of the ruined Reichstag

A STREET CAR LABELLED "QUALITATS—ERZEUGNISSE DER DEUTSCHEN DEMOKRATISCHEN REPUBLIK": The car is on view in Berlin's Potsdamer Platz near the junction of the British, American and Russian sectors of the city. The inscription on the side of the vehicle not only states that it is "a quality product of the German Democratic Republic," but that it is on its way to be exhibited at the International Fair at Poznan, Poland. The street car was made at the "Lowa" plant at Babelsberg

JUST IN CASE "THEY" DON'T KNOW; THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORITIES REPLACE THE SECTOR NOTICE-BOARDS IN PREPARATION FOR THE MUCH-HERALDED MAY DAY "PUTSCH": *Left*—German workers repainting an American notice-board on the borders of the U.S. and Soviet sectors. *Right*—British Military Police putting up new boards in English, German and Russian. Young Communists, strongly encouraged by the Russians, have been planning to march through Berlin from East to West on May Day, despite the ban on any such march delivered by Ernst Reuter, the West Berlin Lord Mayor

THE "FIGARO" RIOTS IN PARIS: Police attempting to press back the demonstrators who gathered in force in the Champs Elysées and in neighbouring streets, their target being the offices of the daily newspaper *Figaro*, which had aroused animosity by publishing the memoirs of Nazi Stormtrooper Otto Skorzeny, who engineered the rescue of Mussolini during the war and rose to further fame as Hitler's bodyguard. Terming such publication an insult to the Resistance Movement, the Communists and those who supported them massed in front of the offices of *Figaro*. A similar demonstration, which also degenerated into a riot, had taken place there a week before, but on this occasion many more heads were broken. The helmeted police force on duty in the Champs Elysées was reckoned at 1,000. From time to time the police charged the demonstrators in "flying wedge" formation. They drove half the crowd up the Champs Elysées towards the Arc de Triomphe, while the remainder were sent at right-angles down the fashionable Avenue Matignon. Violent fights broke out in front of the cafés

This Troubled World

THE "FIGARO" RIOTS
THE MACASSAR REVOLT
THE "HUKS" AT LARGE

AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE ROLLED ON: A demonstrator lying on the ground following a fight at one of the cafés in the area of the Champs Elysées, scene of the recent *Figaro* riots

BRANDISHING CHAIRS: Young demonstrators with furniture which they seized from the cafés and used when advancing in phalanx against the formidable steel-helmeted Paris police

THE HUKBALAHAPS ARE AGAIN AT WORK IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON, IN THE PHILIPPINES: Scenes of arson, looting and general desolation such as this were enacted recently in many towns and villages of Luzon as the "Huk" guerillas descended in force. This picture was taken at Tanauan, in Batangas Province. The "Huks," who may number as many as 100,000, of whom perhaps 5,000 are actually indoctrinated Communists, came into being in 1942 when the Japanese were tightening their control on the Philippines. The guerillas, who began operating in the rice-bowl of Central Luzon, called themselves Hukbalahaps, a contraction of the Tagalog words for "People's Army Against Japan." After the war the "Huks" kept their arms and set up their own state. Their leader, Luis Taruc, an avowed Communist, called the "Huks" a native nationalist organisation. In 1948, after many battles with the constabulary, a full amnesty was arranged for the "Huks," and Mr. Taruc actually took his seat in the Philippine Congress. The latest outburst of activity, in which more than eighty people have lost their lives, has led President Quirino to put the army in control in Luzon, and he has given them orders to hunt the Luzon guerillas to death

THE MAN WHO LED THE MACASSAR REVOLT: Captain Andi Abdul Aziz (standing on left, wearing scarf) with members of his bodyguard outside his headquarters at Macassar, Celebes seaport and capital of East Indonesia, which he seized in forty-five minutes of fighting. The revolt apparently stems from two muddles that have plagued the fledgling United States of Indonesia from the first day of its independence, a little more than three months ago: (1) The inability of the Central Government, dominated by veterans of the revolutionary Indonesian Republic, and the Dutch-sponsored states created during the strife for independence to reconcile differences and share authority. (2) The serious problem of transferring into the new Indonesian Army about 50,000 Indonesians mostly recruited from East Indonesia—who fought on the Dutch side. The company of about 150 men led by Captain Andi Abdul Aziz had just been transferred into the Indonesian Army when it turned on its new commanders

REBELS OUTSIDE THE MACASSAR RADIO STATION: Followers of Captain Andi Abdul Azis after their revolt against the Federal Indonesian troops upon whom they made a surprise attack at dawn. Captain Aziz forcibly interrupted the Macassar radio and addressed the Netherlands Indonesian Army

ITALY'S TRUSTEESHIP IN SOMALILAND

India's Political Pact with Pakistan and Trade Pact with Czechoslovakia; The Brazilian Rail Disaster; and Other Foreign News in Pictures

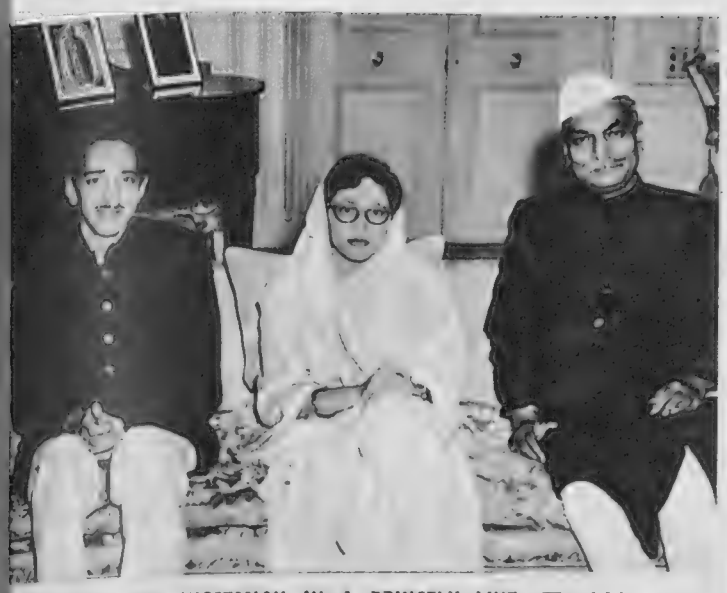
THE BRITISH MARCH OUT OF ITALIAN SOMALILAND WITH COLOURS FLYING: British troops leaving Mogadishu at the end of Britain's ten-year administration, and after handing over to the Italians, who will administer their former colony under United Nations supervision. In ten years the Somalis expect to create an independent State

THE ITALIAN FLAG GOES UP ON THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING AT MOGADISHU: The lowering of the British flag was carried out in complete silence, but a burst of applause from Italian residents greeted the raising of the Italian flag. On the left of the group on the balcony is Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Dowler, officer commanding East Africa, who after the change-over of administration superintended the departure of British battalions from his temporary headquarters in a frigate. Second from left is Brigadier Gamble; on right is General Ferri, the Italian G.O.C., and second from right is Signor Gorvini, Secretary-General in the new administration.

THEY FRAMED A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR MINORITIES: Sardar Patel, Deputy Prime Minister of India, Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, and Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, at their New Delhi Conference at which they mutually decided upon a new approach to the Hindu-Muslim conflict which has afflicted the two Dominions since their twin birth on August 15, 1947. The two Prime Ministers hope that when the minorities in each nation can be made to feel secure and confident of the goodwill of the majority of the community other frictions will disappear. Among the new provisions is the setting up of special courts which will deal out summary justice to persons imposing on minorities—that is, Muslims persecuting Hindus in Pakistan and Hindus persecuting Muslims in India. The conference had added urgency in view of the communal clashes in East and West Bengal. When the news of the agreement reached 5,000 Muslims who had been waiting near Jodhpur to cross into Pakistan, they decided to return to India. In Utter Pradesh (the former United Provinces) the news was also reported to have had a steadying influence

THE YOUNG MAN WHO CREATED AN UPROAR DURING HIGH MASS IN NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS: Twenty-one-year-old Michel Mourre in the Dominican robe which he wore for his escapade. Just as Archbishop Riquet was about to step into the pulpit to give his Easter sermon, Mourre raced up the pulpit steps shouting: "I accuse the Catholic Church of turning our thoughts towards an empty sky. The Church is the canker of the West." Members of the congregation stood up protesting. Chairs were overturned and beadles ran forward to deal with Mourre. The great organ of Notre Dame pealed out its deepest notes in order to drown the intruder's words. As Mourre ran for the doors his robe tripped him, and just outside Notre Dame the police took up the chase and arrested him. Mourre, an ex-soldier who once studied for the priesthood, told the police that he had had a revelation that he should found a new religion. He described himself as a philosopher and he is apparently a member of the Existentialist movement.

THE WORST DISASTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRAZILIAN RAILWAYS: This aerial view shows the piled-up wreckage of the passenger train, en route from Rio de Janeiro to Campos, which crashed when the supports of a railway bridge across the Caciribu River buckled under the strain. The locomotive, a baggage waggon and five passenger coaches were hurled into the river, which was swollen by three days of heavy rain. It is estimated that over 100 were killed or drowned in the accident and over 300 injured were taken to neighbouring towns and to Rio and Nictheroy. The train was crowded with excursionists. Rescuers worked waist deep extricating dead and injured. But in pitch darkness, torrential rain, and with few medical supplies they could do little to help the injured. Medical aid, delayed by nearly impassable roads and the collapse of a main road bridge, arrived hours after the accident. Many passengers remained pinned under the wreckage; some were swept away and drowned. This is the worst Brazilian railway accident that there has been, and the Government of the State of Rio de Janeiro decreed three days' official mourning. The railway—the Leopoldina line—is British owned and is operated under Federal supervision



TO MAINTAIN THE SUCCESSION IN A PRINCELY LINE: The Maharajah of Indore (left) and his daughter, Princess Usha, seen when they called on President Rajendra Prasad (right) in New Delhi after the President had recognised the Princess officially as heiress apparent to the throne of Indore, ensuring that she instead of her half-American half-brother, Prince Richard, will succeed her father. Princess Usha, sixteen, has been studying in the United States. When she becomes Maharani she will have no governing authority whatever

THE FESTIVAL MARCH OF THE WORKING MASSES THROUGH THE HEART OF BUDAPEST: With bands playing and banners flying, groups of workers paraded in strength through the city on the fifth anniversary of the liberation from Hungarian soil by the Red Army of the last remnants of all German and pro-Nazi troops. Streets and houses were profusely decorated with red flags and portraits of Lenin, Stalin and the Hungarian leaders, including Rakosi. All countries behind the Iron Curtain were represented at the celebrations

IRISH-AMERICAN OPPONENTS OF THE CONTINUED PARTITION OF IRELAND STAGE A DEMONSTRATION AT THE NEW YORK DOCKS: They gathered with their banners to let Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, know in definite terms what they felt about him as he stepped ashore from the liner *Queen Mary*. Sir Basil, however, had cancelled his passage in the liner, so two days later the anti-partitionists turned up in force at Idlewild Airport, greeting the Premier with boos, chants and catcalls. One of the demonstrators at Idlewild was a justice of a New York City Court. A force of about eighty policemen and detectives protected Sir Basil at Idlewild, and it was again on duty when he took off by plane for Washington, where he was received by Mr. Dean Acheson, United States Secretary of State

CZECHOSLOVAKIA SIGNS A TRADE AGREEMENT WITH THE DOMINION OF INDIA: The Indian Ambassador in Prague, Mr. Nedyam Raghaven, and the Czechoslovak Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, Dr. Rudolf Margolius, signing the new trade agreement between their countries. Watching (left) is Mr. S. Bhoothalingam (India) and (right) Dr. Janda (Czechoslovakia). The agreement is valid for one year, and under it Czechoslovakia will exchange light engineering products, glass, textiles, chemical, paper and ceramic goods for jute and jute products, iron ore, mica, shellac, hides, coffee and spice. Czechoslovakia is pushing ahead with elaborate plans for increasing her world trade. Under a seventy-year agreement concluded last year with Poland, Czechoslovakia is creating new harbour facilities at Stettin, and when these are completed this year Czech shipments abroad should be greatly facilitated. These arrangements, it is said, are only preliminary to the construction of the Oder-Danube Canal, which will give Czechoslovakia access to the Baltic

PRELUDE TO A BIGGER AND BETTER SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY: The White Ensign being lowered on board H.M.S. *Wessex* at Simonstown naval base, South Africa, at the ceremony at which the Royal Navy destroyer was handed over to the Union. The destroyer has now been named the *Jan Van Riebeck*. It is the first destroyer to be owned by the South African Navy, and it is understood that several other large units may be acquired in the near future. The *Jan Van Riebeck* is of 1,730 tons displacement

KING FAROUK ENTERTAINS BRITISH OFFICERS AT HIS COUNTRY ESTATE AT INCHASS: The King seen at the wheel of his Jeepster with General Sir John Crocker, C.-in-C. Middle East Land Forces, seated beside him. In the rear seats are Air Marshal Sir John Baker, C.-in-C. Middle East Air Forces, and Rear-Admiral Campbell, Senior Naval Officer and Flag Officer, Middle East. King Farouk received about a hundred British officers, who before tea spent an hour or two strolling or driving through the lovely grounds at Inchass

THE LAND BALLOT AT INVERELL COURT HOUSE : A Government official drawing numbered marbles to determine the names of the sixteen ex-Servicemen entitled to grants of land at Inverell from the War Service Lands Settlements Board. The sixteen lucky men and their families share about 16,000 acres and receive grants at low interest

DRAWING LOTS FOR AUSTRALIAN LAND

How Ex-Soldiers are being Chosen for Settlement at Inverell, New South Wales

A SOLDIER PIONEER AND HIS FAMILY SETTLE IN ON THEIR NEW 1,000-ACRE ESTATE AT INVERELL : To begin with they have only a corrugated iron shanty among the blue gum trees, but prospects of getting a house erected are fairly bright, and the money to pay the building contractor can be borrowed from the Government on favourable terms

BUILDING SHEEP-PENS IS THE FIRST TASK OF THE INVERELL SETTLERS : The land at Inverell is overrun with rabbits, so another initial task of the settlers is to put in wire netting in order to keep Australia's great scourge at bay

Inverell court house, where gamblers have sometimes taken their punishment from the law, echoed one morning in April last year to the gay jingle of marbles tumbling about in a lottery barrel. But this was no idle tempting of the "Goddess of Luck." It was the New South Wales Government using chance as an instrument of State policy. Serious-faced Government officials poured 1,600 numbered marbles into the container, spun it around. A clerk drew out sixteen of them, called the numbers. Another checked these against a typewritten list of names. All this was routine work for the War Service Lands Settlement Board, to which the officials belonged, and to the representatives of the Returned Soldiers League and Legion of ex-Servicemen who watched them, but it changed the lives of scores of people. The sixteen men whose numbers were on the marbles had just won their own land in a ballot for blocks on Inverell Station, recently subdivided into soldier-settlement farms. To them it meant a new life, new hopes, to their wives and families, release from the frustrations and shortages of city life. Inverell lies away to the north-west of Sydney, and a close scrutiny of the map will show that one or two changes of train, and several changes of direction are required to reach this delectable spot nestling at the foot of the New England Range.

While the lottery barrel was revolving, young Austin J. Heffernan, late of the Royal Australian Navy, was checking figures at the Sydney offices of the Treasury. He hated the work. Since the war ended he had had many jobs. On Saturday afternoons he had left the Treasury desk to eke out his income by working on the totalisators at Randwick, Rosehill and Canterbury. He got £2 a meeting for that and £2 at the dog races at Wentworth Park at night. But young Heffernan pined for the land. Seventy times he had taken part in land ballots for soldier-settlement blocks. Always he had drawn a blank. Now a messenger dropped a telegram on his desk. It told him that a 100 to 1 chance had come up and he had drawn a block in the Inverell Station ballot. "You look as if you'd won the lottery," said a fellow clerk. "It's better than a lottery," replied Austin, as he went to pick up his hat.

Within a week young Heffernan was lugging a suitcase containing a few belongings and his tent in another bundle across the Inverell paddocks to take over his land. He put his burdens down and paused to survey his new world. It was a prospect to gladden the heart of a man destined for the land. Great wide paddocks spread from his feet towards the blue outline of the Great Dividing Range in the distance. Thick grass told of the land's fertility. Gum trees gathered themselves into belts of timber where Swanbrook Creek flowed through the undulating flats. It was an ideal land for a new experiment in pioneering. The rich, black soil, thrown from extinct volcanoes in the Great Dividing Range nearby, needed no superphosphate for cultivation. For more than half-a-century wheat had been grown on the same blocks in the district, year in and year out. Although no fertiliser was placed on them they were yielding twenty-two bags to the acre.

It was historic land, too. Pioneer Alexander Campbell took possession of it in 1839. It had been in the family ever since. There were approximately 16,000 acres in the whole of the sub-division. Heffernan's share was 1,085 acres. Swanbrook Creek, which never runs dry, flowed through practically every farm of the sub-division, providing a permanent water supply. Capital value of Heffernan's property was £5,730. The Government had resumed the land at the 1942 valuation of £5 an acre. Within a few months the settlers were to be offered up to £15 an acre for their properties. But terms of their contract provided that they must stay on their properties five years. After that they could sell to another returned soldier. They could sell only to a civilian after they had stayed ten years.

Young Heffernan had no intention of selling. As he camped on his land in those first few weeks his head was full of plans. Fencing was his first job; then stocking up with sheep. As he worked a neighbour offered him a shed to camp in. Heffernan left his tent, got under a roof. In the first year he was paid a living allowance of £5 10s. a week. He thought a lot about a home. The Government offered him £1,500 towards the cost of building a house at the low rate of 2½ per cent. repayable over thirty-five years, with exemption from payment for the first five years. Grants for fencing, initial water supply, livestock and machinery brought the total to £4,500. Rates for different types of loan varied, but in no case did they exceed 3¾ per cent.

Heffernan's wife was a city girl. He decided not to bring her down to the property until the house was completed. A building contractor erected his house a few months later. To-day his wife and child are living with him on the farm. Mrs. Heffernan at first couldn't understand why they had to use kerosene lamps instead of electric light, and get up at 5 a.m. She does now. In the first six months wool from Heffernan's ewes brought him in £1,600. In four years they expect to pay off everything they owe and, with any sort of good fortune to aid their hard work, they will succeed. Mrs. Heffernan sees no reason to disagree with Austin's judgment that the soldier-settlement block is better than the lottery.

THE RICH FERTILE LANDS OF INVERELL WHICH HAVE BEEN SUBDIVIDED INTO HOLDINGS FOR THE SOLDIER SETTLERS: The aerial camera reveals the smiling countryside which lies to the east of the New England Range, about 280 miles to the north-west of Sydney. Inverell has been farmed and grazed for generations, and has now been bought back by the Government for re-distribution, the purchase price being £5 per acre. Some settlers have already been offered £15 per acre for their holdings

The turn of the marbles that same April morning brought Heffernan's neighbour, Cyril Ticehurst, from Forbes. He came with his wife and four tiny children and an ancient, battered tent. Mrs. Ticehurst was a society girl, the youngest child was six months old. It was glorious weather; they were happy. Cyril erected the tent in two hours and a tin shed for a kitchen from scrap-iron in two days. Then he plunged fiercely into the job of fencing his boundary. He completed a mile of fencing in the next month, hampered though he was by a shortage of materials. Then the weather turned cold. Ice formed on the taps, radiators of trucks had to be drained at night to prevent them from bursting. In the mornings they could see snow on the peaks of the Great Dividing Range.

For six months during that long, dark winter the Ticehursts stuck it out. During the wet weather water raced down the hill into the tent and in places the canvas leaked. Mrs. Ticehurst went into the fields with her husband and swung an axe with him. Occasionally also she took a hand on the crosscut saw. One of the children developed pneumonia, nearly died.

But finally one glad day the contractor came to build their house. Now the Ticehursts are in under their own roof. "It 's the first time I have had a place of my own," says Cyril. "I don't see how I can go wrong."

Nuggety Ray Baylis, ex-Pioneer, was rabbiting at Coolup when he heard that his name was on one of the marbles. He saddled his only horse and set out for Inverell. Halfway there his horse went lame. He walked the last 20 miles carrying his saddle, arrived without a penny. At Inverell a stock and station agent loaned him £3 on the saddle so that he could get out to his farm. The Commonwealth Bank agreed to make him an advance while he was waiting for funds.

"I always refused to work in a town," he said. "This should give me a place in the country, where I belong."

Ted McKinlay, of the 9th Division, illustrated how a house can be built by instalments. He had a tent up three hours after he arrived on his block. Six weeks later he had built a shed to be used as a temporary dwelling. This shed has a dual purpose. It is a home now. When a contractor builds the rest of the house, the shed, with its garage doors, will make the workshop and garage and perhaps a laundry, too.

Others whose lives were changed by the rolling of the marbles included Ted Stearman, who was carpentering at Young; Bill Bourke, a grazier's assistant; Cornelius Hagan, formerly of the 8th Division; John de Britt, who had to fight hard to establish his eligibility for a block; and Albert Tickle, transport driver.

BUILDING A HOME BY EASY STAGES: At first the settlers on this Inverell holding used a tent. Then came an all-purpose shed with folding doors. This was to serve as a home until the house was built, and afterwards could be converted into a garage and workshop

A SETTLER AND HIS WIFE LOOK OUT ACROSS THEIR DEMESNE: Already the house is built, the fences on the 1,000-acre holding are already up, and they have ten-months hard work behind them and any amount more ahead. They have also complete freedom

A SETTLER DRIVING IN HIS SHEEP: Wool from his flock brings him his first big money, and he begins to see looming ahead the prospect of paying off the Government and becoming for the first time master of all he surveys

ECCLESIASTICAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

Lace for the Festival of Britain and Stained Glass Windows in the Making; A German Altar-piece Believed to Date from the Seventeenth Century Brought to Light

LACE-MAKING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—THE DOLLAR-EARNING HOBBY OF A LONDON WOMAN. Sixty-nine-year-old Mrs. Jeanette Pethebridge, of Herne Hill Road, S.E., at work on a lace fringe which will form part of the fair linen for an altar at the 1951 Festival of Britain. Five embroidered crosses will complete the work on the actual cloth. Mrs. Pethebridge began to design and make lace as a hobby forty years ago. In 1948 she wrote a book, *A Manual of Lace*, which proved to be so popular in the U.S. that American women took up the craft themselves. Mrs. Pethebridge's book contains the design which she is using for the altar cloth. Some of her lace was on view at last Monday's opening of the Crafts Centre

PRELIMINARY STAGES IN THE MAKING OF A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW: Artists at work on full-size cartoons (drawings) in the studio of the Whitefriars Glass Works, founded in 1680 near the Temple and transferred in 1923 to Wealdstone, Middlesex. About 100 windows for churches at home and overseas are on order. Half the present output is destined for America

A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW TAKES SHAPE: A young apprentice, Courtney Graystow, aged fifteen, at work at Wealdstone. His job is to secure the glass with beeswax, which is later removed. The art of glass-making has changed little since the Fourth Dynasty—3000 B.C. In the actual making of a window thousands of pieces of glass are used. Every piece of glass used at Wealdstone is made there and each piece must be cut by hand and fitted to the panel like a jigsaw. Outstanding works from Wealdstone include windows for Liverpool Cathedral and the Middle Temple Hall, an Eighth Army memorial window for Cairo Cathedral and a window for St. Thomas's, Fifth Avenue, New York. When the firm moved from the City a brazier of live fuel was taken in a lorry from the old works to light the first furnace at Wealdstone. Thus, the fires of Whitefriars have been alight continuously from its founding to the present day—270 years

***On left*—LOST, AND IS FOUND AGAIN—BELIEVED BY EXPERTS TO BE A PRICELESS WOOD-CARVED ALTAR-PIECE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: The discovery was made at the Kurpfalzisches Museum, Heidelberg, Germany, when paint was being removed from the figures of Our Lord and His disciples. The carving is said to be the work of Tilman Riemen Schneider and was supposedly lost in 1730 in a fire which gutted the church of Windsheim, where the altar was kept. A layer of paint still covers the three disciples on the left portion of the triptych**

FUNERAL ARMOUR of the BLACK PRINCE DISPLAYED at the TOWER of LONDON

The Precious Relics Exhibited before their Return to Canterbury

THE MONUMENT TO EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: The Prince's armour, which is now being displayed at the Tower of London after being cleaned and renovated at the Tower Armouries, customarily hangs in a position skied above the canopy of this monument, and as a result the public seldom have an opportunity of seeing it at close quarters. The effigy of the Black Prince on the monument shows him in armour. On the side of the monument his shield of war, the Royal Arms of France and England, alternates with his shield of peace, sable with ostrich feathers

THE GAUNTLETS OF THE BLACK PRINCE: Much of the gilding on these gauntlets, which are made of latten, a mediæval kind of brass, has been revealed by very careful cleaning

THE SCABBARD OF THE FUNERAL ACCOUTREMENTS: This is of leather and has ornamental studs of latten. Part of the belt with its bronze buckle and part of a chain are also shown

THE PRINCE'S CRESTED HELM: The most careful cleaning has recovered the gilding on the crest, which is made of leather faced with gesso. The display of The Black Prince's armour created the greatest interest among visitors to the Tower of London at Easter

THE PRINCE'S JUPON OF VELVET STUFFED WITH WOOL AND QUILTED AND EMBROIDERED IN GOLD WITH THE LILIES OF FRANCE AND LEOPARDS OF ENGLAND: This is a rear view of the renovated garment, showing the eyelet holes for lacing it closely to the body. It is mounted on a leather foundation in order to preserve the fabric, which must once have been very splendid indeed. It is now faded to a dull buff colour

These objects of the fourteenth century, now being displayed at the Tower of London so that the public may examine them at close hand, are of unique importance, not only for the high renown of Edward the Black Prince, the victor of Crécy and Poitiers, but also for their extreme rarity as survivors of their time. Only one other English helm of this period is known, that of Sir Richard Pembridge, K.G., now in the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh, and no other shield or jupon. These relics are survivors of the old custom of carrying the insignia of men of rank before the bier at their funerals, and hanging them up afterwards in perpetuity over the tomb, as symbols of their earthly estate, which they have abandoned for a higher life. This is the second occasion in sixty years that the accoutrements of the Black Prince have been sent to London for examination. In 1894 the jupon was netted to hold it together. It was found that this netting had completely rotted, and it has lately been re-netted by the Royal School of Needlework with netting specially supplied by Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

THE SHIELD: This has also faded to a buff colour in the course of centuries, but gleams of gold and traces of the red and blue quartering can be discerned

EASTER IN ROME

WHERE 100,000 PILGRIMS FORGATHERED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Quoting the words of Cicero, the Pope addressed a vast Easter throng at St. Peter's: "We must resist with all our strength," he said, "and by every means those disturbances brought about by the foolishness of men and stirred up heedlessly. There cannot be tranquillity for men, for people or for nations until they are all brought back to that order which was born from the precepts of the Evangelists and confirmed and made alive by divine grace."

After he had celebrated Easter Day High Mass in the Basilica of St. Peter's, the Pope, who was wearing full regalia with a train 5 yards long and the triple crown, appeared to the crowds in the Piazza. He was greeted by an almost deafening roar of cheering and by sustained hand-clapping. On Easter Day it was reckoned that more than 100,000 people, mostly pilgrims to Rome from abroad, passed through the Holy Door, and at the Pope's audience in St. Peter's there were 40,000 people. At the pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's, the Basilica was full an hour before the service. Admission was by ticket only, but pilgrims outside in the Piazza heard the service relayed over a loudspeaker system.

THE GREAT THRONG IN THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO: From the balcony of St. Peter's the Pope gave his pontifical Easter blessing, *urbi et orbi*. The crowd stretched from the steps of the Basilica, through the colonnaded Piazza and up the Via della Conciliazone as far as the banks of the Tiber. The Pope was given an affectionate and enthusiastic welcome. During Easter the Pope gave his largest audience, receiving at one time more than 40,000 people in St. Peter's

GIVING THE PONTIFICAL EASTER BLESSING, "URBI ET ORBI": His Holiness the Pope on the balcony of St. Peter's. His words were relayed by loudspeaker right across the Piazza di San Pietro

A TENT TOWN FOR PILGRIMS RISES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME: Owing to the pressure on accommodation in Rome during Holy Year, the Holy Year Committee has built a camp where pilgrims may stay at full pension rate for about 10s. a day. There are seventy-five tents in the camp, and adjoining it is a field where motorists bringing their own tents can find accommodation. The seventy-five large tents hold a total of 2,000 pilgrims. The first to use the tents have been members of a Belgian contingent visiting Rome

PASSION-TIDE IN ROME—THE SOLEMN CULMINATING WEEKS OF THE PENITENTIAL SEASON OF LENT: *Left*—Roman Catholics ascending the Holy Stairway on their knees in the Basilica of St. John, the cathedral founded by Constantine the Great. *Right*—The Stations of the Cross procession passing the triumphal arch of Constantine on its way from the Palatine Hill to the Colosseum. The cross-bearer is Cardinal Micara. Members of the Carabinieri accompanied the procession

PASSION PLAY AT SEZZE ROMANO

An Italian Village Stages its Great Annual Spectacle

THE VILLAGE CHURCH IS TURNED INTO A TEMPORARY DRESSING-ROOM AS THE 1,500 PLAYERS PREPARE FOR THEIR PART IN THE FIVE-HOUR PASSION PLAY: It was in the thirteenth century that the first Passion Play was staged at Sezze Romano, and with intervals it has continued ever since. Sezze is situated outside Rome on the Appian Way, and its 3,000 population, whatever their political creed, work to make the occasion a success. 1,500 villagers have parts in the play, which is enacted in the open air and has as its climax the procession to Calvary

CHRIST CONSOLES A DISCIPLE AS HIS HOUR DRAWS NEAR: The part of Christ is played by Pasqualucci Pietro. He has played it for 18 years

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: Christ lies prostrate over a large stone as He resigns himself to His Father's will. It is after this that Judas arrives with armed men and greets his Master with a kiss

VIA DOLOROSA: Carrying their crosses, Christ and the two malefactors struggle through the streets. Many thousands of spectators were lining the streets of Sezze Romano as the play reached its climax

SOME OF THE EXTRAS IN A PLAY WHICH USES HALF THE POPULATION OF THE VILLAGE OF SEZZE ROMANO: *Left*—Pilate's slaves are recruited from some of the biggest men in the village. *Right*—The Roman Guards herald the approach of Pilate to hear the case against Christ and to pronounce judgment. Many of the scenes in the Passion Play take place in the main square of Sezze Romano and are witnessed from stands specially erected for the occasion

VILLA FRANCA DE XIRA GOES GAY ON ITS GREAT FIESTA DAY: Crowds thronging the street and the beflagged balcony in the little Portuguese town which at fiesta time attracts both high society from Lisbon, who come to see the fun, and the herdsmen of Campinhos, who control the great herds of the Tagus Plains and regard Villa Franca as their capital city

FIESTA DAY in VILLA FRANCA

THE PEOPLE MAKE MERRY IN THE LITTLE TOWN BESIDE THE RIVER TAGUS

In the district of the Ribatejo, noted for the wine produced in the Tagus foothills, and in the Leziras, the marshy plains skirting the great river, which give pasture to fine herds of cattle and horses, there is a vast population which looks on the old town of Villa Franca as its capital. On Fiesta Day they come in from the plains and foothills in their thousands, and for that one day Villa Franca de Xira is the gayest and most thronged little town in all Portugal. The Great Fiesta usually takes place on a Sunday, and a high point of the revelry is when the bulls are driven into the town and the young men of the neighbourhood try their prentice hands at bull-fighting. More often than not fleetness of foot is the main essential, and with young bulls charging in all directions and young people running at them and away from them, the fun is fast and furious for the spectators. From balconies and rooftops the more cautious revellers watch the sport; others gather on the bullring fence, a position from which they are sometimes dislodged at uncomfortable speed. Villa Franca, which lies about 23 miles from Lisbon, was founded at the start of the thirteenth century by the French followers of Afonso Henriques. In the Absolutist Rebellion of 1823, it was the headquarters of Don Miguel.

HE RODE INTO TOWN ON HIS STEED: This self-possessed young man with the big stirrups is the son of a landed proprietor in the Villa Franca area

HERDSMEN OF THE CAMPINHOS: These picturesquely-clad men who came into Villa Franca for the fiesta wore red waistcoats and festive green woollen bonnets

THE UNCROWNED KING OF VILLA FRANCA: This is Don Emilio the whole of the town and much of the surrounding

BOATS MOORED BY THE BANKS OF THE TAGUS BECOME IMPROVISED RESTAURANTS ON FIESTA DAY: This is how Villa Franca combats the problem of a temporarily quadrupled population. In the open air and to the twanging of guitars the visitors drink the wine of the district and eat the special dishes of Villa Franca

A SYRIAN OIL KING ATTENDS THE FIESTA AT VILLA FRANCA: Mr. Gulbenkian and his friends being served with a savoury "transmontana" with "murcelos," a speciality of Portuguese cooking and one of the favourites of visitors to the great fiesta. The restaurant is situated on a balcony above the banks of the Tagus

On right—THE BULLS HAVE ARRIVED: The young men of the town who fancy themselves in the role of toreadors go into the centre of the ring to engage the bulls, and there is always a cheerful crowd sitting on the fence

...ailio Infanta de Camara. Nearly ...ding countryside belongs to him

AT WORK IN A SAILMAKER'S LOFT: Men at Ratsey's, Isle of Wight, probably the oldest of English sailmakers

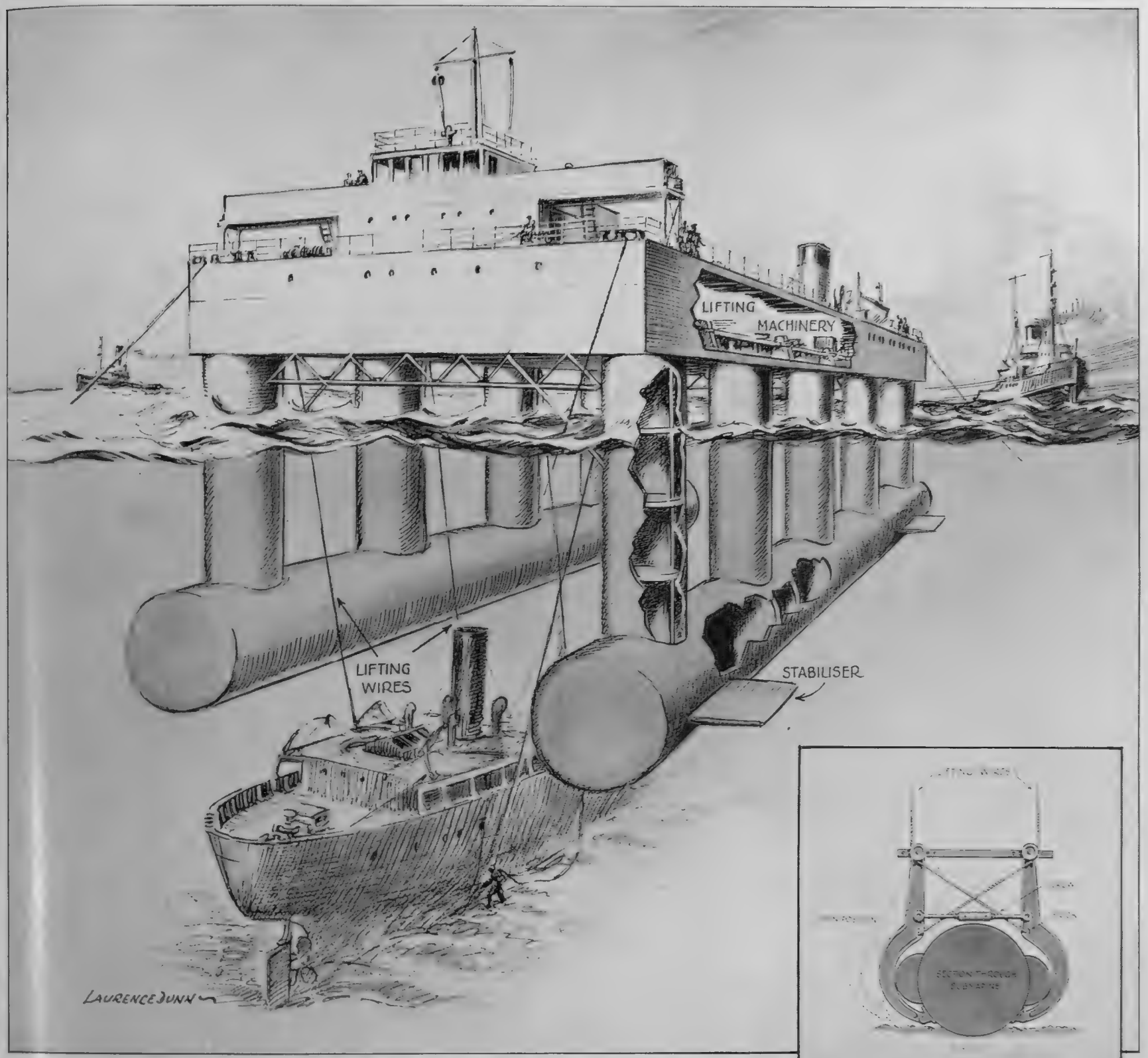
The World of Yachting

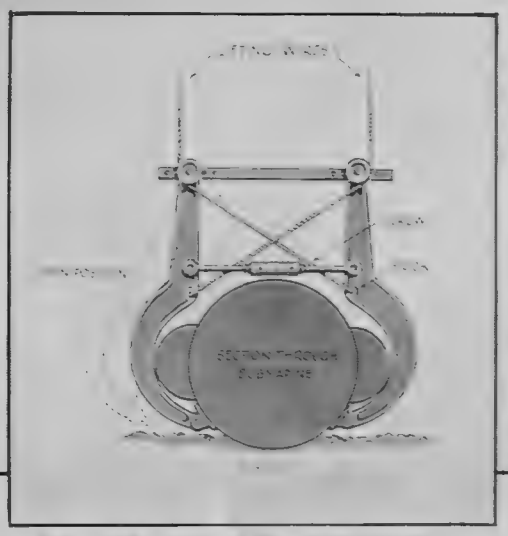
160 YEARS OF SAILMAKING

AND A NEW ATTEMPT ON THE EAST-WEST ATLANTIC CROSSING

In 1790 George Rogers Ratsey was in the coal business in Cowes, Isle of Wight, when he decided to add sailmaking to his activities. The building in which he made his momentous decision stands at the quiet end of Cowes High Street and now houses Messrs. Ratsey and Lapthorn, probably the oldest and most famous firm of sailmakers in the world. Born in 1851, Tom Ratsey was the real architect of the fortunes of the firm, for on being apprenticed to the craft of sailmaking he studied the flight of birds and the relation of length to width in their wings. From these studies he went on to countless experiments until he had established an undoubted supremacy in the craft. The coal side of the business disappeared, and in 1888 Ratsey's of Cowes amalgamated with Lapthorn's of Gosport, and in 1901 a branch was opened in New York, following many applications from American racing yachts for British-made sails. The idea of breaking into the American markets was born in 1894 when the American cutter *Vigilant* arrived in England to race against the Prince of Wales' yacht *Britannia*, for which Ratsey had made the sails. The owner of the *Vigilant*, a fine craft with badly-cut sails, applied to Ratsey for a fresh set of his sails, but in the interests of a British victory in the race he refused. The three branches of the firm use the same cloth, an Egyptian cotton woven into the finest quality cloth by the same method for the past 200 years by Hayward's of Crewkerne, Somerset.

"VERTUE XXXV" SETS OUT TO ACHIEVE AN EAST-WEST CROSSING OF THE WESTERN OCEAN: The little vessel being towed out of Lymington, Hants, at the start of her great adventure. *Inset on left*—Mr. H. D. E. Barton, of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, aboard his boat before leaving. His companion on the Atlantic voyage is sixty-four-year-old Mr. K. M. O'Riordan. Mr. Barton, who is a director of a firm of naval architects and yacht designers, wishes to prove by his voyage that a well-designed modern yacht is capable of working windward over long distances and withstanding any weather. The *Vertue XXXV*, a 5-ton sloop, is carrying 360 lb. of food and 52 gallons of water on the 3,600-mile voyage to the United States. This will be Mr. Barton's first Atlantic crossing, but he has had much experience, notably with the Royal Ocean Racing Club, the Royal Cruising Club, and the Royal Lymington Yacht Club

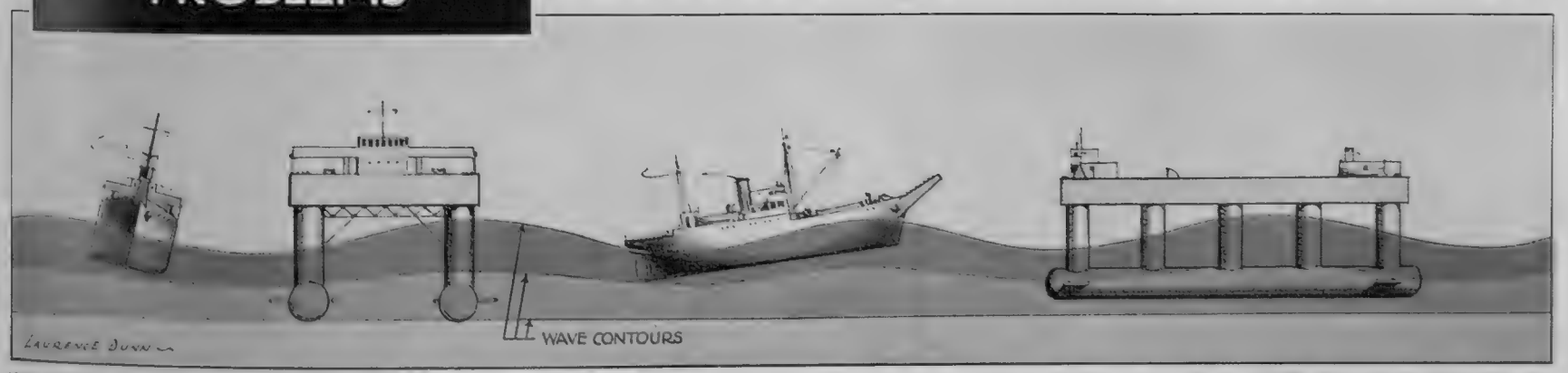




SOLVING SALVAGE PROBLEMS

A NEW INVENTION FOR A SALVAGE VESSEL: A three-quarter view of the proposed craft, showing the buoyancy tubes which prevent rolling and pitching in heavy seas; and the position over the wreck. Both the vertical and the horizontal tubes have sub-divisions to provide easy flooding according to the draft and trim required. If necessary, divers can leave the hull through an air-lock at the bottom of the hull

A NEW TACKLE FOR LIFTING SUBMARINES: It is designed to overcome the difficulty and delay of slipping wires under the hull. The top cross-bar has alternative pivot positions for the curved lifting arms to provide for variations in beam of the submarine



HOW THE PROPOSED NEW CRAFT WOULD RIDE THE WAVES: Wave contours diminish with the depth, as is shown in the above diagram. The Creed salvage craft gains an almost rocklike stability by riding in the calm lower levels as compared to a shallow craft of conventional design. On the left, the ships, seen from ahead, are meeting a beam sea. On the right, they are riding it end on. The new craft would be either self-propelled or moved by tugs—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*

The new type of salvage craft illustrated on this page has been designed and patented by Mr. F. G. Creed, the inventor of the Teleprinter and the Seadrome.

The keynote of this unusual-looking craft is stability—even in rough weather. It is known that in still water the pressure due to its weight (static pressure) increases at the rate of about 1 lb. per sq. in. for each 2½ ft. of depth. Waves cause changes of "head" and, therefore, corresponding changes in the static pressure. These changes *diminish* with the depth. It follows that the changes of pressure caused by waves on the *upper* surfaces of a submerged body are always greater than the accompanying changes on its *under* surfaces.

In the design of his salvage vessel, Mr. Creed takes advantage of these facts in such a way as to secure a practically complete and automatic balance of the changing pressures, and a consequent freedom from the rolling and pitching which they would cause in a ship of normal shape. (The scientific principles of the design are fully explained in Mr. Creed's published British Patent No. 568,612 of 1943.)

The proposed vessel has two main buoyancy tubes, arranged horizontally and abreast of each other. To obtain a lifting power of about 4,500 tons, these would be about 250 ft. in length by 20 ft. in diameter, with centres 80 ft. apart. The two-deck superstructure, riding clear of the surface, would be joined to these by a series of vertical secondary tubes—eight or ten in number according to their diameter (providing a reserve buoyancy of about 4,000 tons). All the tubes would be subdivided into a number of watertight compartments, to be flooded at will according to draft and trim required.

By mooring the craft, which could be self- or non-propelled, over the wreck and flooding to the maximum possible draft, the lifting machinery on its exceptionally stable platform would be in the ideal position to get a vertical lift.

The same inventor has also evolved an ingenious tackle for use in lifting submarines. It is designed to overcome the difficulty and delay of slipping wires under the sunken hull. Shaped like a pair of giant callipers, it is adapted to slip over the ballast tanks and circular hull of the submarine, then closing up to fit against the lower part of the hull. With several callipers locked in this position, an upward lift of the submarine would then be possible.

BRITAIN WASTES HER WATER

And in the Not-far-distant Future There May Be a Crisis in the Matter of Supply

SIR ALFRED EGERTON, Professor of Chemical Engineering at the University of London, is quoted as saying that there is likely to be a world shortage of water if populations continue to grow at their present rate, and suggests that supplies may have to be distilled from the sea in some places and stored in huge reservoirs blasted out by atomic explosives.

The system of water supply in this country is chaotic. There are in Greater London alone, it is stated, some fifty-nine water authorities, of which forty-nine supply populations of fewer than 50,000 each. Nationalisation has been "in the air" for some time, and no doubt some form of nationalisation or regionalisation will eventually come about.

In England there are still 3,779 parishes without a public water supply. Our rivers are in a very polluted condition, owing to industrial effluents which are allowed to discharge into them.

There is plenty of water available: the problem is equable distribution. It has just been stated in the Press that only one family in two is in possession of a bathroom, and one in eight has no bath at all. In Scotland one household in three has no bath. Seven per cent. of the houses in Britain have no piped water, the percentage rising to ten in the Midlands, Wales and South and East England. Four per cent., the lowest, occurs in London.

Sixty per cent. have the "use of a bathroom" in London, 46 per cent. in Scotland. The following analysis was given of bathing facilities: one family in twelve share a bath; one family in three have a portable bath; one in thirty have a bath in the kitchen; and one in three have to use kettles and pans to heat the bath water.

In spite of these drawbacks, vast progress has been made during the last 100 years in the matter of public water supply, more especially in the provision of pure water. It is, in fact, the quality of the supply which has received prior attention. A hundred years ago cholera was killing more than 3,000 in every 1,000,000 of this country's population. This disease is now almost unheard of in England. The same with typhoid fever; the annual death rate has fallen from 390 per 1,000,000 in 1869 to as low as 2 per 1,000,000. These tremendous contrasts are undoubtedly due to the steps taken over the years to ensure the purity of public water supplies, which has resulted in the almost complete prevention of the spread of water-borne diseases.

About a fifth of the population of Great Britain now lives in the area around Greater London, and this proportion is still increasing. The industrial growth, of course, keeps pace with this, and the demand for water increases at an even greater rate.

A higher standard of living helps to push up the demand for water for domestic use, and similarly for public sanitation and cleansing purposes, and again in industry. It is thought that this rise may well continue, and that the quantity per head of the population may eventually be doubled. Most of London's water comes from the River Thames and River Lea, and is distributed after storage at the rate of some 300,000,000 gallons per day. But in London and many other parts of the country it is with the greatest difficulty that the water undertakers are managing to keep abreast of the requirements.

The consumer who has got used to the idea that he can turn on the tap at any hour of the day or night and draw a practically unlimited supply of pure water for his purposes rarely gives a thought to the mighty engineering set-up necessary to ensure that his tap does not run dry. Rainfall on vast areas of watershed is a prime necessity for the provision of water in the first place, and with these watershed areas begins the fight against contamination. The water again, in most cases, has to be collected in storage reservoirs, and pumped to service reservoirs, in the meantime being filtered, and in some cases softened, and finally chlorinated before being distributed to the service mains. Constant and careful oversight is kept on the water through all the necessary processes, both in the works and the laboratory, to ensure that high standard of purity which is now accepted as a matter of course. Water can be hardened, softened, aerated, de-aerated, demineralised, carbonated, stabilised, chlorinated, de-chlorinated, or ozonised.

A national policy could go far to ensure the economical use of the nation's water resources, to centralise and amalgamate the present heterogeneous collection of undertakings, and could in a very considerable degree strengthen powers for the protection of water sources against pollution, waste and misuse.

One of the great problems at the moment is waste and misuse of water. Public appeals seem to have very little practical result. The legitimate extra consumption of water makes matters difficult enough for the engineer without the additional worry of carelessness and waste. Because the greater number of water supplies are un-metered, advantage is taken to leave fittings running to waste instead of keeping them in proper repair, and thousands of underground leaks continue to run until spotted by Waste Inspectors. Even then it takes a threat of prosecution to bring some property-owners to a sense of their responsibility. It is pretty certain that if waste could be reduced to a reasonable minimum it would go a long way towards easing the situation as to a plentiful supply. There are many cases in industry where, with a minimum of rearrangement, the same water could be used over and over again instead of being allowed to run to waste as it is at present.

The Government planned in 1947 to spend £15,000,000 on the water supplies of England in the next ten years, and £6,375,000 on Scotland's, but it is doubtful if even these large sums are sufficient to cope with the situation. The population of London now consumes an average of over 50 gallons per head per day, and it is estimated that all of us use at least 20 per cent. more than before the war. Throughout the war years, of course, it was impossible to carry out the large capital works that had been planned, and now it is becoming more than ever, due to various causes, impossible to catch up with the requirements.

Difficulties also arise when big new schemes are planned with a view to increasing our resources. The recent uproar in the Enborne Valley is a good example of the opposition offered to such schemes, public and Press going to great lengths to bring the Metropolitan Water Board's scheme into disrepute. For technical reasons this scheme has now been abandoned. The Enborne Valley lies on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire, south of the town of Newbury, and north-west of Basingstoke. In it are at least eight very attractive villages, and it was to the defence of these that the Press rallied in countering the plan for augmenting London's summer water supply by creating a huge reservoir in the valley.

It is apparent that three items have to be considered if the nation's economy in the matter of water supply is to be put on a proper basis:

1. The prevention of waste and misuse.
2. The development of necessary capital works.
3. The education of the public in the proper and careful use of water.

A Committee set up by the Ministry of Health to enquire into the reasons for the increased consumption of water, in their Interim Report states that the man in the street "does not always appreciate the efforts and difficulties involved in providing him with a supply of water." That is, in fact, putting the case mildly. They go on to say that the public should be brought to realise that the essential processes through which the water has to go before reaching the tap are, in fact, costly, and that water wasted means waste of labour and materials, and leads in the end to higher charges having to be levied upon all.

And yet, as this article is being written, comes the news that the Metropolitan Water Board has just announced a cut in the water rate, and this will mean that a consumer living in premises assessed at, say, £32 per annum, will be saved 5s. a year. In these days of rising costs, this is surely a splendid gesture from a body beset with as many problems and difficulties as the M.W.B. It is to be hoped that the consumers will appreciate this spirit, and endeavour to reciprocate with more careful control of their respective supplies. Londoners would surely not like to share the experience of New Yorkers, whose reservoirs last winter were down to record low levels, making it necessary for the City Water Commissioner to institute a series of dry days.

A. Gilbert

THE POWER OF THE GLEN—OVERFLOW SYPHONS AT WORK AT THE LAGGAN DAM WHICH SUPPLIES WATER POWER TO THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY'S WORKS AT FORT WILLIAM: There has been considerable rain in the Highlands during the past winter and the dams have been overflowing with regularity. While much of Scotland's water power still goes to waste there is satisfaction in the achievements of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, whose schemes are now coming to fruition in various parts of the country. Earlier in the year news came from Inveruglas of the starting of the first turbines in the Loch Lomond power scheme, which is feeding the industrial areas of the South-West, while at Eastertide the first complete generator came into production in the Clunie Power Station of the Tummel-Garry scheme. Electricity from Clunie is fed into the Board's main transmission system extending over the Southern and Central Highlands and the east coastal district north of Inverness. Aberdeen, Dundee and Perth are connected to the network. It is stated that the 7,500-kilowatt sets at Pitlochry will also be operating before next winter and production at Clunie should be at maximum by the turn of the year

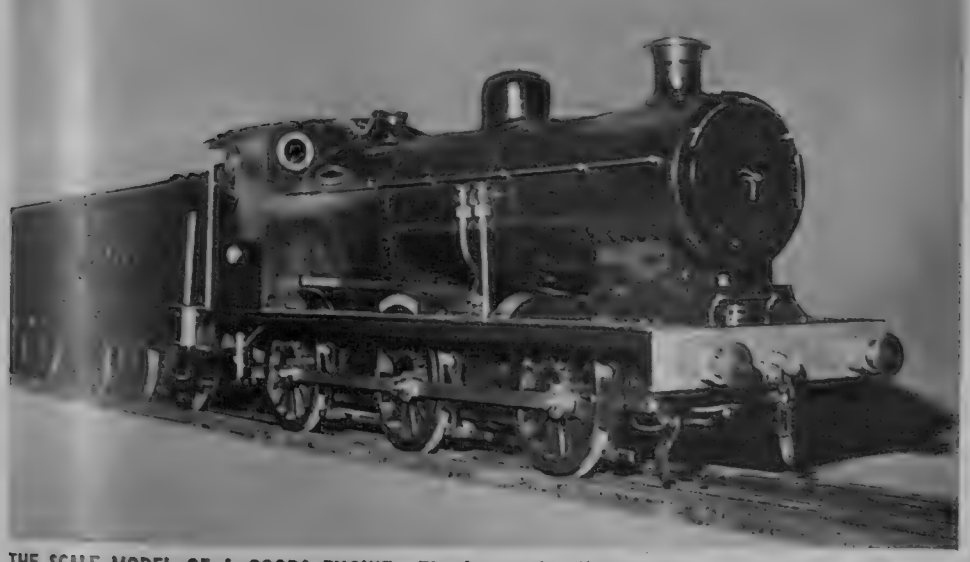
HIGHLIGHTS of the MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION

3,000 MODELS ON VIEW AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER

In 1949 over 30,000 people visited the Model Railway Club Exhibition, and at least half of that number were adults. Railway modellers, it is not always realised, are a serious band of workers, and skittish references to "playing with trains," which may be made in their presence, do not necessarily evoke a smiling response. At the Club's exhibition at the Central Hall there were over 3,000 models on view, ranging in size from the minute 2-mm. models to one representation of an early locomotive on a 9½-in. gauge. Among the outstanding exhibits were the L.M.S. 4-6-2 *Sir William Stanier* and an eight-coach set of the Cornish Riviera Express, headed by 6009 *King Charles II.* There were many working lay-outs in action, notably a gauge O display by British Railways. Many marvelled at the electrically-operated gauge OO equipment, with powered points, engines which shunt automatically, and "dead sectors" which bring trains automatically to a halt at stations. It was all very fascinating, and when Saturday evening came there must have been thousands of Londoners, young and old, who had gained in knowledge and, if possible, in enthusiasm, for their favourite hobby.

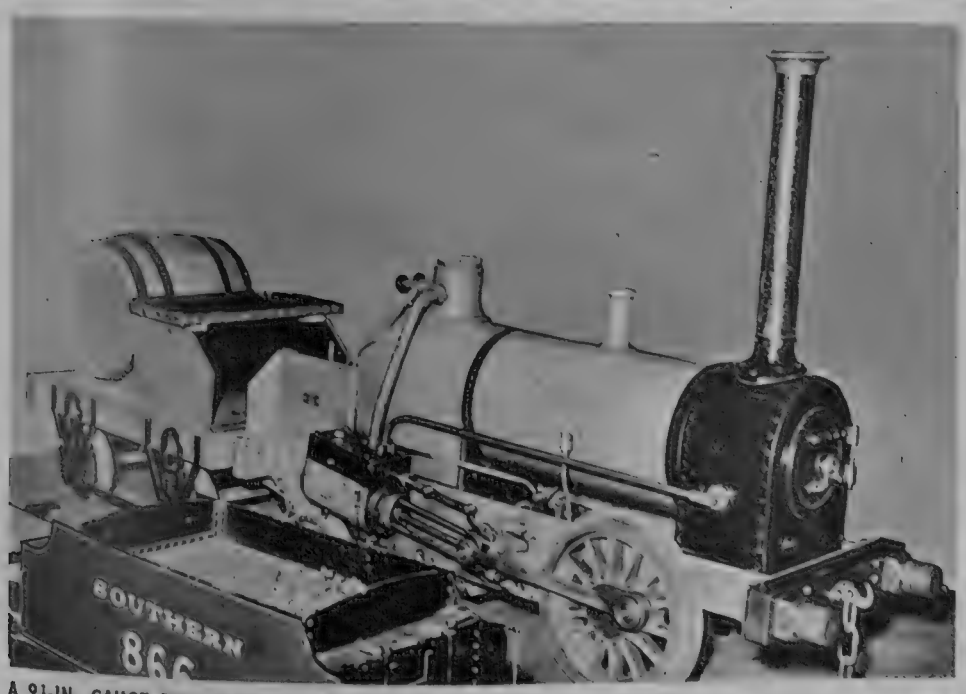
MODEL RAILWAY ENGINES BASED ON SOME OF THE WELL-KNOWN GREAT WESTERN TYPES: This glass-case full of models was one of many exhibits at the Central Hall, Westminster, where the Model Railway Club Exhibition has been attracting the greatest interest among schoolboys and grown-ups alike. This year there were over 3,000 models on view at the show

MADE FROM SCRAPS OF THE ORIGINAL ENGINE: A large-boilered "Atlantic" Great Northern Railway locomotive complete to the minutest detail. While British Railways tend to standardise their types, model-makers find variety in the various engines of the old companies



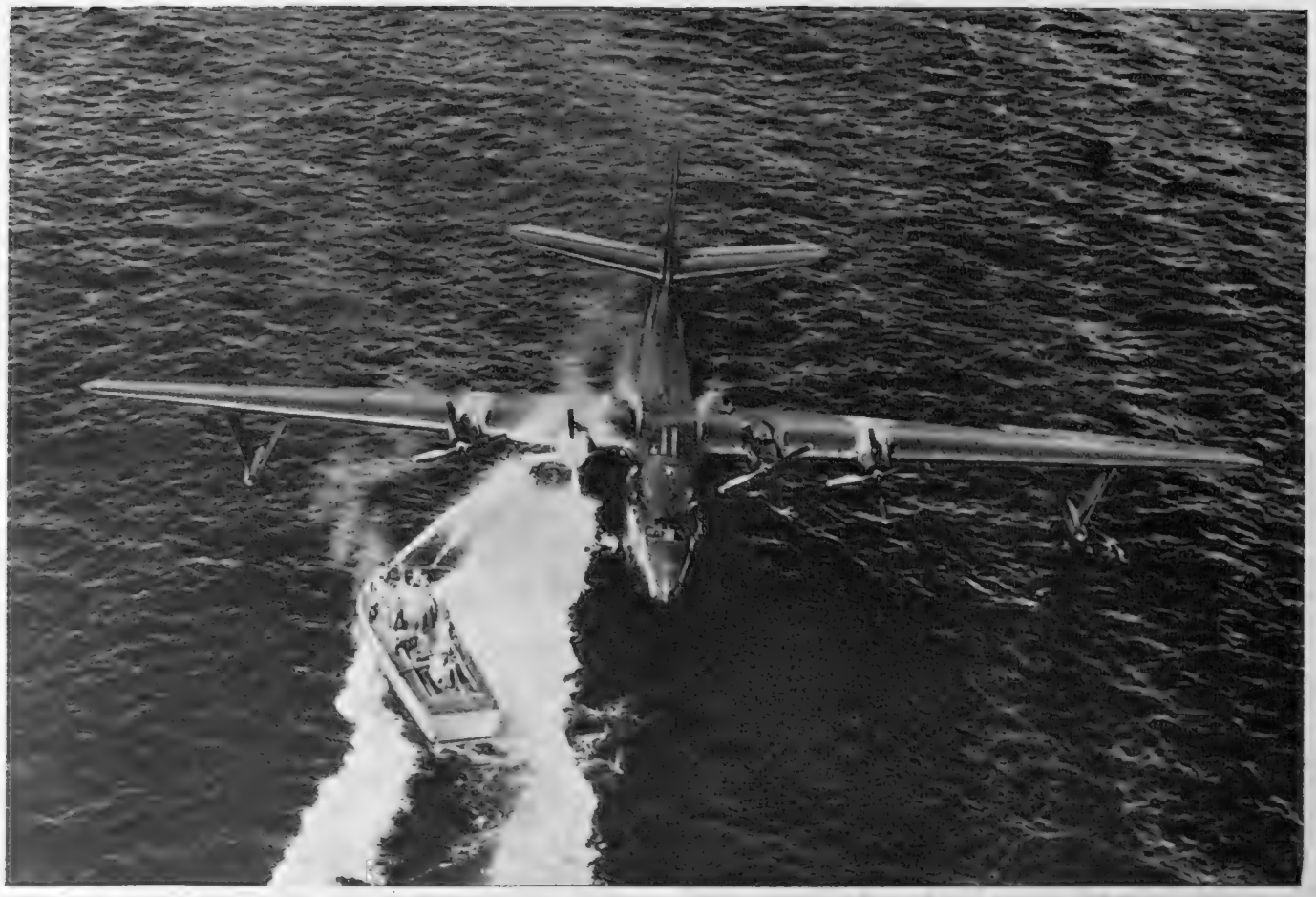
THE SCALE MODEL OF A GOODS ENGINE: The locomotive "Lorna Doone" at Central Hall. Most modellers tend to favour the locomotive, but there were also on view some fine scale models of waggons and passenger coaches. The tendency is to work on a 4-mm. scale

MADE TO A SCALE OF 2 MM. TO THE INCH: This replica of a London and South Western locomotive has been made by Mr. J. J. Longride, of Isleworth. It will be seen that it is fractionally under the height of a penny. The locomotive is electrically operated



A 9½-IN. GAUGE REPLICA OF THE "VICTORIA": In the '20's of the last century the models made by the Stephensons had the driving wheels in front and the cylinders behind, as shown in this model. By the '30's there emerged the first engines resembling the modern type

2-MM. VERSION OF A SOUTHERN RAILWAY "SCHOOLS" CLASS LOCOMOTIVE: The engine, which is electrically-powered, lying on the palm of a man's hand. It has been constructed by Mr. C. W. A. Mitchell



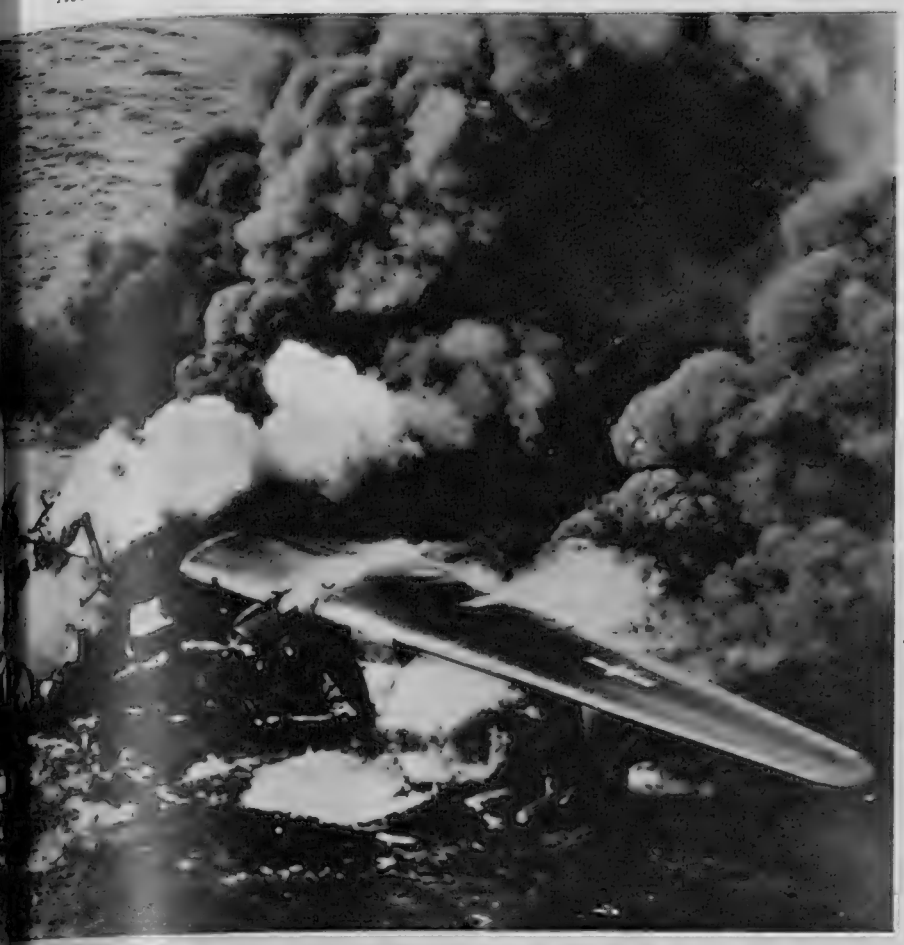
THIS WAS THE FIRST PHASE IN THE SWIFT DESTRUCTION OF THE GIANT AMERICAN NAVAL FLYING-BOAT "MARSHALL MARS": A fire-fighting launch is seen attempting to put out the fire in one of the engines of the great machine after it had made a forced landing on the sea near Honolulu in the course of a routine flight from its Hawaiian base. When this picture was taken the crew of seven had left the aircraft, and only a few moments later the whole fuselage was enveloped in flames when the fire spread. The *Marshall Mars* then exploded and sank

THE WRECK OF THE "MARSHALL MARS"

AND OTHER AVIATION NEWS FROM AMERICA, BRITAIN AND ITALY

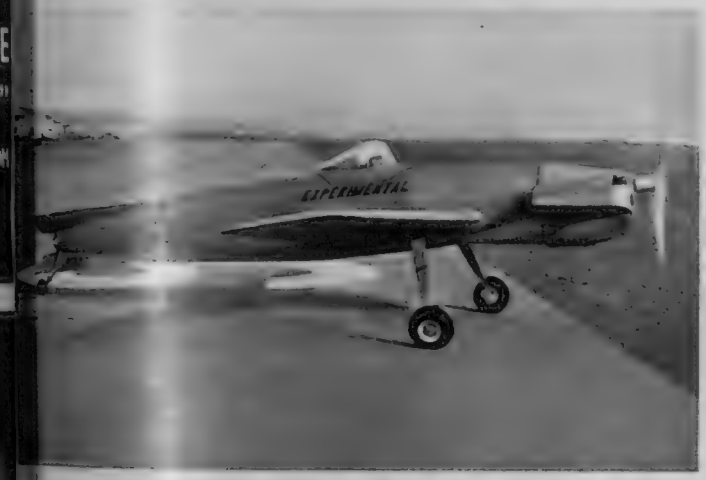
On April 5 it was reported that the *Marianas Mars*, an American flying-boat, had exploded near the port of Honolulu and sunk. It later became known that the machine in question was the *Marshall Mars*, one of the five giant transports built by the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Middle River, Baltimore, for the United States Navy. At first, the Navy tried out the prototype with the Naval Transport Services, and it proved so successful that twenty of these giant machines were ordered. The first of the new boats was completed in the summer of 1945, and for some reason the order for twenty was subsequently reduced to five. The last of these five was delivered in the autumn of 1947. The two-deck *Marshall Mars* was perhaps the best known of these aircraft by reason of its spectacular flight with more than 300 men on board. It was actually meant to accommodate 132 armed men, all seated, and built-in fittings permitted rapid conversion into an ambulance. As an ambulance, eighty-four stretcher cases could be carried and there was room for twenty-five attendants. When the disaster occurred in the Pacific just before Easter the *Marshall Mars* was on a routine flight with the minimum operational crew of seven and no reserves. All seven men were taken to safety before the last explosion occurred.

SWEEPING FORWARD INTO THE UNKNOWN: The Hawker P 1052, the latest Hawker jet design, which has been built for experimental purposes, seen in flight. The P 10[illegible] has a Nene gas-turbine engine. A year ago the machine flew from London to Paris, a distance of 212 miles, in 21 mins. 27½ secs., representing an average speed of 618·27 m.p.h. The P 1052 is based on the P 1040, Hawker's first jet-propelled machine, which was built primarily to meet the naval specification for a carrier-borne fig[illegible]



THE "MARSHALL MARS" ENVELOPED IN FLAMES FROM STEM TO STERN: The great naval flying-boat as it was about to explode on the waters of the Pacific, where it had made a forced landing. The machine once carried 300 passengers in an experimental flight

THE SPECTACULAR END OF THE FLYING-BOAT: The *Marshall Mars* shrouded in smoke and flames as it exploded two miles off the port of Honolulu. This cantilever high-wing transport was originally built as a bomber



THE KYSOR I PREPARES TO TAKE OFF FOR THE FIRST TIME: The experimental light plane, with a wing span of 18 ft. and an 85-h.p. motor, seen a few minutes before taking off at Oakland, California. The designer, Clifford Kysor, of Alameda, was at the controls

THE KYSOR I AFTER REACHING AN ALTITUDE OF 150 FT.: The experimental plane wrecked on the runway at Oakland after it had crashed on its initial flight. The pilot and designer, Clifford Kysor, sustained a cut thumb and the machine received a broken nose

AN ITALIAN BUILDS A MIDGET HELICOPTER: *Above*—This is the pilot's seat in the new machine built by Federico Brondetti, an Italian engineer. The plane has a maximum range of 400 miles, and is powered by a 4-cylinder 80-h.p. engine. *On left*—This general view of the midget helicopter shows the twin rotor blades and also the unusual tail design which apparently is designed to give a high degree of stability. There is a tricycle-type landing-gear

OYSTER CULTURE IN WALES

AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

OYSTER BEDS UNDER THE WALLS OF CONWAY CASTLE: *Left*—The tanks in which experiments are carried out in producing oysters. *Right*—Hugh Roberts, Michael Mistakides and Edward Casey wash oysters before they are packed and sent to Essex to mature. Twelve years ago oyster yields round the coast had decreased to such an extent that their inclusion in shellfish production was in danger of being dropped by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. While discussions went on, experiments were being made in North Wales. Special tanks were built and "beds" were prepared in the Menai Straits, where it was found that cultivation was possible in the sheltered water. First, the oysters are cultivated in the artificial tanks below Conway Castle. They are then transferred to the Menai Straits for two years and are finally gathered and sent to Essex beds, where they remain for two years before reaching maturity. So successful has the experiment been that Britain's oyster target for 1950 is 8,000,000. Last year oysterages in England and Wales produced 7,746,100, valued at £145,00

THE AMATEUR VIOLIN-MAKER OF EASTBOURNE: Alfred Robinson, a seventy-one-year-old retired railway engineer, took up violin-making as a hobby eleven years ago, when he began learning the craft from a woodcarver. He has made fourteen violins and two violas. In a worldwide contest for amateur violin-makers, held at The Hague, he gained the first of the three diplomas which came to Britain and he was placed seventh among the 200 entrants from all over the world. He keeps six of his violins for himself and plays them in Eastbourne's Philharmonic Orchestra

A NEW CHANNEL CAR FERRY MAKES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The T.S.S. *Halladale* leaves Dover Harbour on her first trip to Calais. The *Halladale*, a new cross-Channel passenger and car ferry, sailed on her maiden voyage in the first week of this month. Converted from a River-class frigate, she is 300 ft. long, has a speed of 20 knots, a gross tonnage of 1,500 tons and is powered by steam turbines developing 6,500 h.p. The *Halladale* with a capacity for 55 cars and 375 passengers, replaces the *Forde*, which last year carried 11,000 cars. The *Halladale* is also fitted with a turntable which enables cars to be discharged in their order of loading. A few days later the *Halladale* hit the pier at Calais and had to go into dock

VAUXHALL'S 19½-ACRE FACTORY NEARS COMPLETION: The new building, nearly a third of a mile long will increase the area of Vauxhall Motors factory at Luton by a third. The view above looks south towards the office block. The service road, along the side of the building, runs parallel to the new main road which is being diverted from the other side of the new factory. Construction of the new factory is due for completion in mid-June and production should start in August. It will produce a considerable increase in the present output of 84,000 vehicles a year and is the first stage of a £10,000,000 programme of expansion planned for the next three years. Half-a-million cubic yards of chalk, removed from a hillside to level the site of the new factory, were spread over a valley half-a-mile away at the other end of the works, turning it into a level plain of 40 acres, which will form the new Vauxhall sports grounds

RECORDS SMASHED IN THE DEVIZES-TO-LONDON CANOE RACE: Henry Ross and Robert Webb of the Richmond Canoe Club arrive at Westminster Pier at the end of their great race in which they broke the record, set up by Ross last year, by 14 hrs. 23 mins. The competitors left Devizes at intervals from 8.40 a.m. on Good Friday to 11 a.m. on the Saturday: 35 hrs. 7 mins. after their start, Ross and Webb had completed the 124-mile course to win the Albert Weibel Cup for

AN INDIAN INVESTITURE IN LONDON: The Maharajah Paramjit Singh of Kapurthala conferred the Shan-I-Ifthikar on his cousin, Sirdah Karam Singh Bahr Ahluwalia in an investiture which he held at the Dorchester Hotel. The jewelled decoration, which is the highest honour that the Maharajah can award, was granted to the Sirdah "for loyal and devoted service." *Left*—Sirdah Karam Singh Bahr Ahluwalia touching the knee of the Maharajah as a mark of respect before receiving the decoration. *Centre*—The Maharajah decorates his cousin. *Right*—The Maharajah and the Sirdah embrace after the investiture. The Sirdah has lived in England for ten years

THE CEREMONY OF THE BUTTERWORTH CHARITY IN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, WEST SMITHFIELD: The ancient custom of the Butterworth Charity began when a man named Butterworth left a sum of money so that twenty-one female parishioners should receive sixpence and a hot-cross bun every Good Friday. The traditional ceremony was carried out again this year by the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, one of the oldest churches in London

THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION EMPLOYS WOMEN FOR ITS "PILOT" SERVICE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS FORTY-FIVE YEARS: A driver stops on the outskirts of London to get information from Miss Millicent Widdowson on the best route across town. Miss Widdowson was in the W.A.A.F. for seven years, driving all kinds of vehicles from staff cars to heavy R.A.F. lorries. Her partner, Miss Victoria Gardner, also had considerable Service experience during the war and became an M.T. Instructor at the R.A.S.C. depot at Chilwell. Both have undergone intensive training for their new job. They wear a smart khaki uniform, specially designed by the A.A.

The Automobile Association has engaged two women drivers for duty with its London "Pilot" Service. This is the first time in the history of the A.A. that women have been employed to give direct assistance to members on the road. The Association's London "Pilot" Service was introduced many years ago so that visitors from overseas and motorists from the Provinces, Scotland and Ireland, unfamiliar with London streets and traffic regulations, could obtain an experienced "pilot" to take over the controls and drive their cars through the congested Metropolitan area, handing over again to the visitor when the open road is reached. In the course of a normal year some 5,000 motorists make use of the "Pilot" Service. Many of them who have come from overseas do so when taking delivery of a new car off the export quota in London. "Pilots" also meet tourists from abroad at Tilbury and the Port of London and drive their cars to varying destinations.

LONDON'S ITALIAN VILLAGE

AN OASIS OF BEAUTY WHICH LIES OFF THE FULHAM ROAD

AN ALLEY-WAY WITHIN THE VILLAGE: A passage running between the Chelsea Studios in the Fulham Road

In the draughty drabness of London's Fulham Road, on the borderland of Fulham, Chelsea and South Kensington, is an oasis of Latin warmth and grace. Stone-flagged walks traverse the gardens. Arched courtyards contain apple trees, plums and figs. Walnuts grow in the gardens, grape vines climb the walls. The oasis, or "Italian Village" as it is known locally, contains thirty-eight artists' studios, each occupied either by a painter or sculptor. They are built in traditional Italian style, and of real Italian materials shipped from the sunny south. The tiles were brought from Tuscany and the wrought iron was forged in Florence. Three years' work went into completing the village, which was the idea and work of the owner, Mario Manenti, and his English wife Buschka. Mario himself is a sculptor and his wife a painter. Mr. Manenti is sixty-three, Italian by birth, stocky, kindly, traditionally artistic in looks and manner. It was in 1924 that he first had the idea of building on the site of his bronze foundry, next to the Chelsea Football Ground, and creating a village to his own design.

THE ENTRANCE TO MARIO MANENTI'S STUDIO: The gates are a replica of the celebrated Lugano Vespucci gates at Florence. Beyond the high wall in the background is the Chelsea Football Ground, and on alternate Saturdays during the season the whole village echoes to the roar of the Stamford Bridge crowd

AN OASIS OF BEAUTY IN ONE OF THE DRABBER AREAS OF WEST LONDON: *Left*—This studio, owned by an advertising artist, is entered by a steep stairway which rises from the tiled courtyard. *Right*—A paved courtyard between the studios. The property was developed by Mr. Manenti in 1924, and is largely composed of materials shipped from Italy. The village stands on the site of the former Fulham Road Bronze Foundry

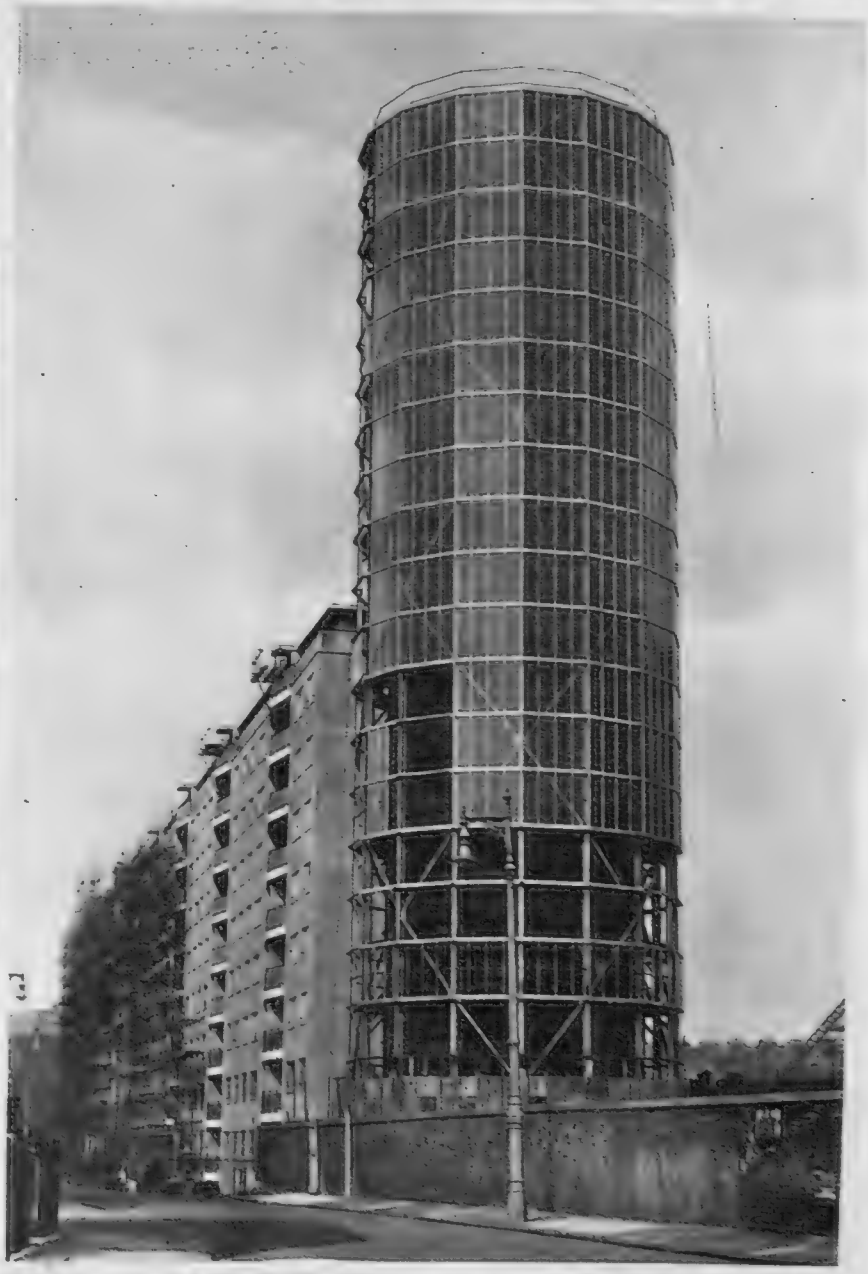
BUILDING ACTIVITY AT THE WESTERN END OF EBURY STREET : On this site on the Duke of Westminster's estate four seven-storey blocks of flats for middle-class families are being erected at a cost of £400,000. There will be 109 flats in all and accommodation for 412 persons. It is hoped that the first flats will be available for letting by Christmas. Ebury Street and Ebury Square were so-called from Ebury Farm, which once stood on this site. The farm embraced 400 acres of meadow and pasture in Elizabethan days, and it is on record that the Queen let the property for the sum of £21 per annum. Much to her anger, the tenants tried to enclose it. The farm buildings may have been on the site of the new block of flats. The Manor of Ebury came into the possession of the Grosvenors through one Mary Davies, whose name is perpetuated by Davies Street, Westminster

TALES FROM TWO CITIES

When the City of Westminster was Farmland and the City of London had an "Insurance" Pump

COLLECTIVE SECURITY IN EARLY VICTORIAN DAYS : The old Cornhill Pump in the City of London is being restored. More than 150 years ago, when the insurance companies were responsible for preventing fires, the companies built it with the help of City merchants as a precaution against fire. It was later taken over by the City Council, but now four insurance companies plan to preserve it

PREPARING THE SITE FOR THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE : Demolition work has begun at the old Westminster Hospital, which latterly was occupied by the Y.M.C.A. The Colonial Office, for long occupying the Whitehall-Downing Street corner, is much overdue for modern premises. Colonial timber is to be employed in the new Colonial Office, and it will stand in an impressive position facing the Abbey



PIMLICO'S GLASS-ENCASED TOWER : This new landmark rising on the North Bank of the Thames will supply heating for flats on the Westminster City Council's housing estate at Pimlico. The 140-ft. glass and aluminium "skin" has been built round a hot-water cistern designed to provide central heating and constant hot water for nearly 10,000 people in the new municipal flats and neighbouring Dolphin Square. Some of the flats are seen in this picture. The water will be kept hot by exhaust steam (formerly wasted) from Battersea Power Station, on the other side of the river. It will be pumped through pipes in an existing tunnel under the Thames. On the roof of the tower is a rotating crane for hauling repair equipment or lowering ships' cradles when the glass needs cleaning, thus eliminating expensive scaffolding when cleaning or repairs have to be done. The outside casing of glass and aluminium was designed partly to hide the ugliness of the cistern itself, and partly to make an attractive feature in the estate lay-out. It will also act as extra insulation for the monster hot-water tank

MOTHER ROBIN CAUGHT BY THE HIGH-SPEED CAMERA AS SHE HOVERS ON VIBRATING WINGS AND DELIVERS A SUCCULENT WORM: This dramatic picture of the "airlift" which is going on in every corner of Britain at the present time is followed by others in similar vein. *On the right* Mother Robin is apparently lecturing her young on the greatest day of their careers when they will take-off in solo flight. In the picture *below on right* one of her offspring has apparently half taken the plunge, while his brothers and sisters sit secure upon their bough, quite unmoved by his tribulations. For all of them it is a case of "any minute now"

THE "AIRLIFT" IS IN FULL SWING

WORMS BY THE SCORE, AND THEN THE TAKE-OFF FOR THE FIRST TIME

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

D. H. LAWRENCE STILL AROUSES PASSIONS

Mr. Aldington, in His Biography, Angers those who will not Treat with Lawrence at Any Price

LITERARY reputations do not always wear well. Those impressive editions of the giants of yesterday lie forgotten on the shelves to-day. The exceptions, therefore, are apt to be the more remarkable.

In his lifetime David Herbert Lawrence was hailed as the one authentic genius of his generation. He was also persecuted, vilified and traduced by his contemporaries, some of whom ought to have known better. Two of his books were banned. He died twenty years ago of tuberculosis : prematurely, because he was too poor to afford the treatment which might have prolonged his life. His death provoked a spate of more or less idolatrous books by a number of vocal disciples. The general public began to read him and to discover in his alleged obscenity an obstinate Puritanism. They also discovered a writer who could affect them intensely and vitally ; one who could see natural, as distinct from purely human, things and transmute them into poetry with all the passionate prescience of the great tradition of English poets. This power is self-evident in the novels by which he is most widely known : it reaches its greatest heights in those of his poems which may well outlive his works of fiction.

D. H. Lawrence, who roused such passions in his lifetime, can still do it again twenty years after his death. Still the critics can neither see him straight nor whole. Some of them cannot even write straight about him. It is not unexpected, therefore, that PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS, BUT . . . (Heinemann. 15s.), by Richard Aldington, should have aroused a number of literary storms again. Mr. Aldington knew Lawrence well and, being a novelist, a poet, and a first-rate biographer in his own right, he has written not only an intensely readable book, but a well-balanced and thoroughly objective one. Naturally, this has annoyed some of the disciples (which may be all to the good), but he has provoked once more the latent ire of those determined not to treat with Lawrence at any price. "It is a great power in a writer if he can affect us so." Those words were written over 100 years ago about another English poet, and while every English schoolboy knows his Keats, how few among us have heard of Croker.

D. H. Lawrence is primarily an inspiration to the younger generation, and he is none the worse for that. Mr. Aldington's excellent biography should lead them, as well as those of us who would discover him anew, to the best of his books, which are now available in Heinemann's pocket edition as well as in Penguins, who have triumphantly announced no fewer than 1,000,000 volumes in print.

CELEBRITY CORNER : Ernest Hemingway, who wrote the best-selling novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," dining with Gary Cooper (who appeared in the film based on the book) at the Stork Club, New York. Seated on the left is Mrs. Hemingway, and second from right is Mrs. Cooper, the former socialite, Veronica Balfe. Ernest Hemingway's new novel is called "Across the River and Into the Trees"

Twenty-two authors have contributed to a record of America between two wars, which has been given the title of THE ASPIRIN AGE (Bodley Head. 16s.), and which is as instructional a symposium as can currently be read on the United States. To give you an idea of its quality, Gene Tunney writes about the great Dempsey-Tunney fights ; Margaret Case Harriman writes about The King and the Girl from Baltimore ; and William McFee writes of the burning of the *Morro Castle*. There is an article on Calvin Coolidge headed "A Study in Inertia," and an article on Huey Long. Each year has its story or its personage, with Lindbergh, for instance, for 1927 and the stock market crash for 1929. It is a fascinating collection and contains some first-rate reporting.

As for this week's novels, there is a very respectable batch of these, and although none of them is sensationally good, there are a number worth a sincere recommendation. In this category is Mr. Michael Home's quiet but satisfying story of the life of a small antique dealer in the Norfolk of thirty and forty years ago. GRAIN OF THE WOOD (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is as sound a novel as its title indicates, and I think you will enjoy, as I did, the placid tale of small progresses and triumphs, as well as the really knowledgeable writing about the trade and the craftsmanship and taste that must be a part of it.

PRIDE OF PLACE (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) is one of the most talkative novels I have read for a long time. Its three principal characters, a young headmaster, his younger brother, who is a pupil at his school, and the boy's tutor, are all alarmingly articulate and talk themselves in and out of emotional predicaments with an ease that one, curiously enough, does not envy them. The situation throughout the book is a triangular one, but not of the obvious kind. The master, who has seen very little of his brother during the war years, finds him too greatly influenced, both personally and intellectually, by his tutor, and tries to weaken this unhealthy allegiance and steer the boy towards a less rarefied atmosphere and life. Mrs. Patience McElwee writes with a serious and rather likeable concentration on her subject, but I couldn't share her interest in a group of people who, whether priggish or malicious, had so constant a devotion to the spoken word.

Mr. Shaw Desmond has written, and over-written, the tale of a little Irish boy who comes to London to make his way, and is soon involved in the circles of high finance, to which he brings his innocence and his natural zest and inquisitiveness. Although the setting is London in the '90's, this novel is wholly Irish in feeling and in the enthusiastic spate of its descriptions, whether relevant or not. NATHANIEL (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) has considerable vitality, but its virtues do not include a sense of form.

THE MAN FROM THE TUNNEL (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), on the contrary, is a collection of short stories which show a very fine sense of form, though they have content as well. Miss Theodora Benson writes with the lightest of touches, with great sensitivity and without affectations of style.

Mr. Eric Burgess's novel, THE MALICE OF MONDAY (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), achieved its effect with resounding success as far as I was concerned, for during its reading and at its conclusion I felt as much of the depression of a wet Monday morning as even the unhappiest of the writer's characters can have experienced, though in my case it stopped short of murder. This is a well-written book, and realistic in a consistently drab but honest way. It is interesting, too, and shows a warm sympathy for the young and the lonely and the disappointed.

DUST IN SUNLIGHT (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the third novel of a young writer who is steadily building herself a reputation, and improving at each stage of her career. Miss Catherine Gaskin is Irish by birth and Australian by adoption, but her writing and the construction of her stories are clearly in the tradition of the English novel. This novel about an intelligent but far from sensible young woman does fulfil the promise that one saw in the author's earlier story of Connemara.

The two American novels that I have read this week are utterly different in theme and conception, but they have in common a very real competence. THE HOLLOW OF THE WAVE (Reinhardt and Evans. 8s. 6d.) is set in New York and in the world of publishing, but although its setting in that extraordinary city is an essential part of the story, the publishing is only incidental, and any one of six other professions could have been used as the element that binds a group of disparate people together. Mr. Edward Newhouse seems to know the world of which he writes, and the evenings of talking and drinking, the cafés, the apartments, are excellently done.

THE WAY WEST (Boardman. 10s. 6d.) is a very different affair. This novel of Mr. A. Guthrie's is an epic story of the covered-wagon days, and tells the adventurous and sometimes tragic story of a trek from Missouri westwards to Oregon in 1845. The hundred men, women and children who set out are shown as ordinary people by no means drawn on the epic scale, and the contrast makes their undertaking all the more magnificent, and their endurance the more moving.

I suppose that the next book provides as great a contrast as might be imagined, for it is Miss Nancy Mitford's translation of the classic novel, THE PRINCESSE DE CLEVES (Euphorion Books. 12s. 6d.). Ever since 1678, when it was first published, this work of Madame de Lafayette's has been a favourite, and it should have even more readers in its new shape and in Miss Mitford's simple and sprightly prose.

THE UNKNOWN DISCIPLE (Bles. 12s. 6d.) is a novel by the Italian author, Signor Francesco Perri, and has been planned on the grand scale as an exposition of the struggle and defeat of the pagan world by Christianity. So impressive a theme needs a wide scope, and we are told that this book, of more than 400 pages, is only the first in a trilogy which together will show the birth of Christianity, its early struggles and finally its diffusion over the barbaric world.

"CASTLE RACKRENT" TO "PHINEAS FINN"

The Development of the Novel

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) and Anthony Trollope (1815-1882), two writers whose lives left their imprint upon letters in succeeding generations and who both have an honoured place in the history of the novel, provide the latest biographical subjects in the admirable "English Novelists" Series. P. H. Newby writes the critical commentary on MARIA EDGEWORTH (Arthur Barker. 6s.), and is generous in passing judgment upon the charming Irish novelist who, despite her didacticism, wrote with good sense, humour, and an easy-flowing style. The author is even more generous with regard to Miss Edgeworth's much-discussed father, who was apparently not quite the deplorable influence he has sometimes been made out to be. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who among many other activities in a busy life found time to invent a turnip-cutter and a one-wheeled chaise, contributed, it seems, no little to Maria's stature as a novelist, and, in fact, his ideas often became hers. His was a powerful intellect, and, as his daughter has freely and fairly admitted, "he threw new materials before me continually with the profusion of genius and affection. There was no danger of offending him by refusing what he offered." In her realistic pictures of Irish peasant life Maria Edgeworth opened up a new vein in fiction, and *Castle Rackrent*, upon which her fame may be said to chiefly rest, was written without her father's supervision. P. H. Newby describes this prelude to Maria Edgeworth's Irish stories as "the most influential narrative prose between the death of Smollett and the publication of *Waverley*." In passing judgment on ANTHONY TROLLOPE (Arthur Barker. 6s.), Beatrice Curtis Brown reveals herself as no great admirer of his style, which, she says, for all its ease, was tyrannical and inescapably narrative in character. It resisted any effort to tauten, compress or supercharge it. That may well be, but how, may one ask, would "supercharging," would verbal pyrotechnics, have given added power to a novelist whose subtlety in the delineation of character was the basis of his fame? Miss Curtis Brown is on surer ground, perhaps, when commenting upon Trollope's novels of public life. From these, she says, we can learn most fully to appreciate his work and his personality. In this field, indeed, he had only one serious rival in his own age, Benjamin Disraeli. Disraeli's *Endymion* and Trollope's *Phineas Finn* both deal with the rise of a young politician, and Miss Brown makes some vital comparisons between the two, the balance of judgment being much to Trollope's credit. "With Disraeli politics are larger than life," she says, "with Trollope they are no larger than life allows." In such a slim volume Miss Brown admits the difficulty of assessing the work of a man who wrote as much as Trollope wrote, who created so large a world, but she has at least done a service by drawing particular attention to the political novels, notably that Political Pilgrim's Progress which starts with *Phineas Finn*, goes on to *Phineas Redux*, and ends with *The Prime Minister*.

Moorland, mountain-top and upland grazing occupy over a third of the total living-space of the British Isles, and, of all kinds of land, have suffered least interference by man. For this reason they provide the widest scope for studying natural wild life. Professor W. H. Pearsall, Quain Professor of Botany in the University of London, has brought together the results of over thirty years' work among the high places in his MOUNTAINS AND MOORLANDS (Collins. 21s.), an important addition to the "New Naturalist" Series. Although he is a botanist Dr. Pearsall shows that his knowledge of animals is considerable, and it is doubtful, indeed, whether any other author could, single-handed, have presented such a well-balanced picture of the wild life of an area. Now in its third edition is BRITISH HILLS AND MOUNTAINS (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), by J. H. Bell, E. F. Bozman and J. Fairfax-Blakeborough. The lover of mountains, the climber, the walker, not to mention the armchair traveller, will all find delight in these pages

For gardeners with a few acres to play with and an adequate amount of leisure, Ralph Hancock's fine illustrated book WHEN I MAKE A GARDEN (Peter Garnett. 21s.) will be a real inspiration, but not a few of the ideas revealed in a charming series of photographs relate to roof gardens in thronged New York and to the urban homes of land-hungry horticulturists who must needs achieve a great deal in a limited area. Both Mr. Hancock's broad and lovely treatments and his efforts in more circumscribed conditions win our admiration. In much the same practical and helpful vein, but dealing more especially with horticulture rather than with garden lay-out, is GARDENS AND GARDENING, 1950 (Studio Publications. 15s.).

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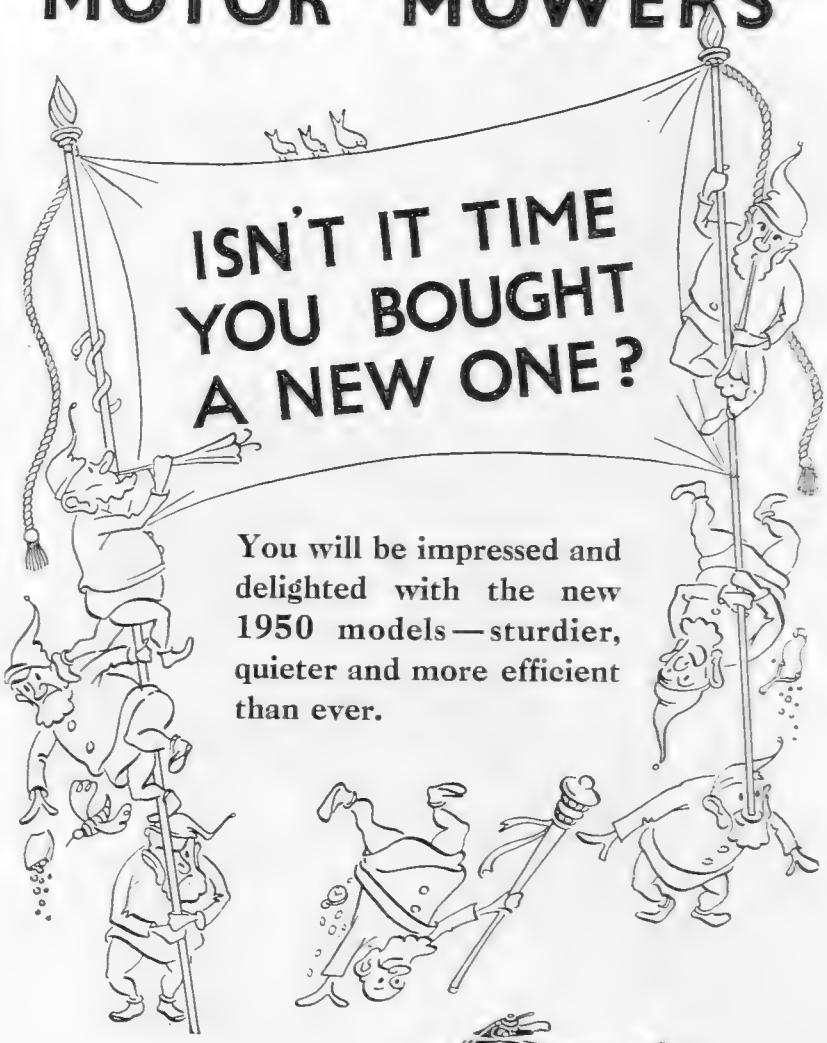

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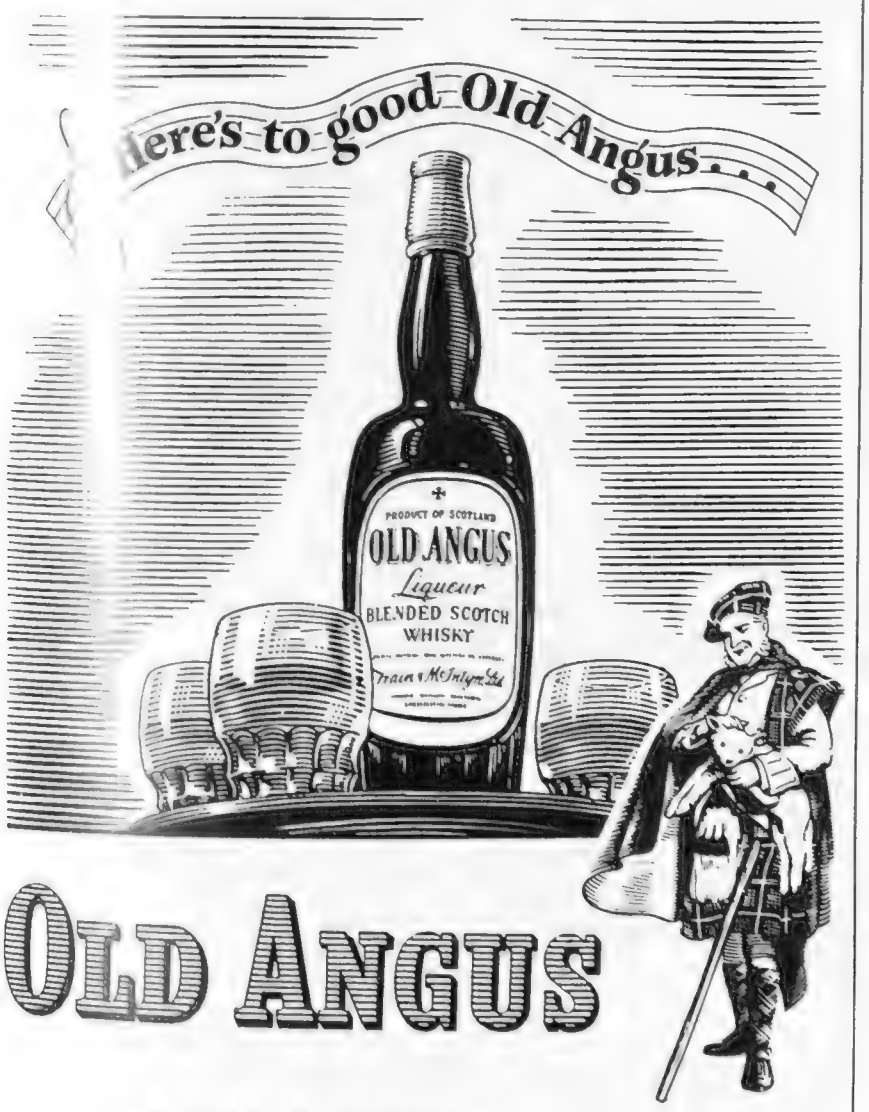

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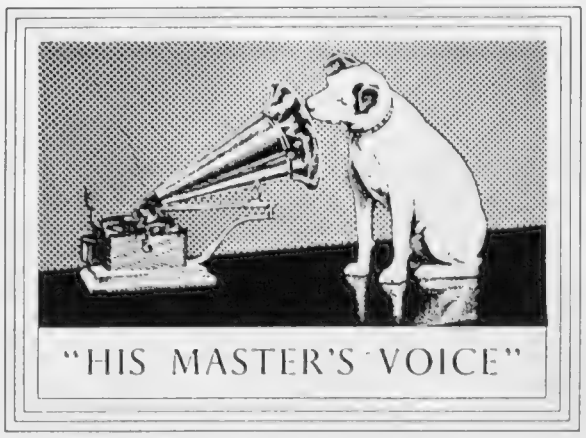

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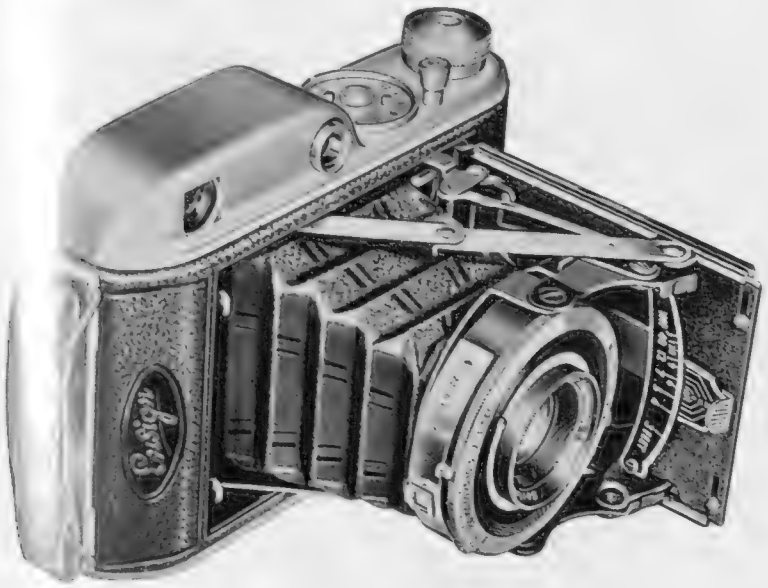

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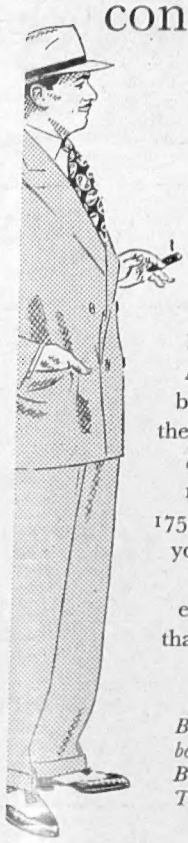

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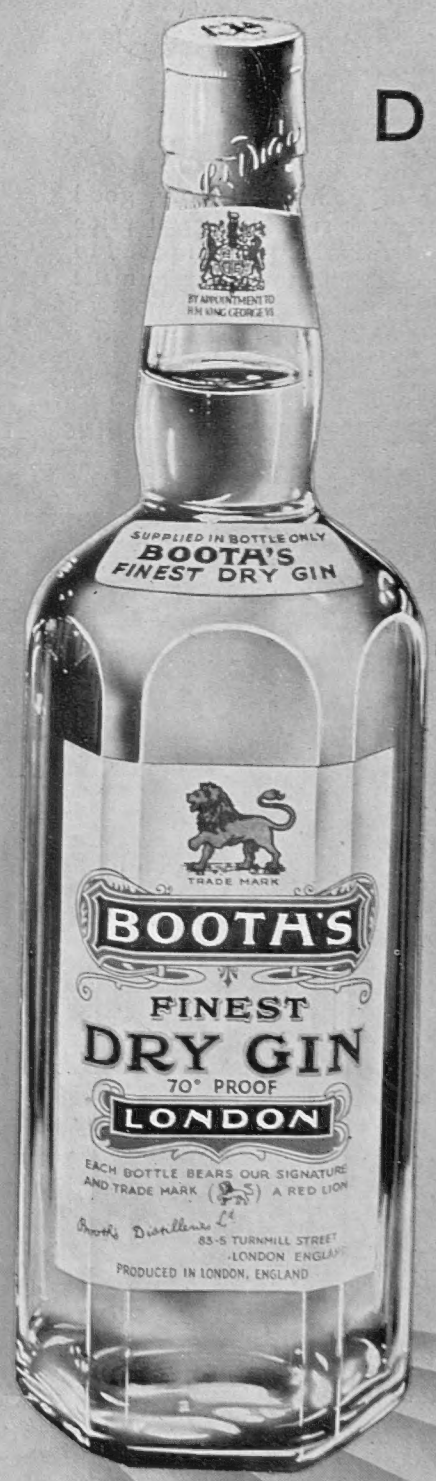

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